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SKETCHES FROM LIFE

AND

JOTTINGS FROM BOOKS.

BY

W. H. C. NATION,
11

AUTHOR OF "TRIPLES," "CYPRESS LEAVES," ETC.

"A chiel's amang you takin' notes,"-- BURNS.

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SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN.

PERHAPS there is only one thing more disagreeable than being too late for the train, and that is, being too soon. Let me put a case. I wish, let us say, to start by the early morning train for Commerceton. Aware that trains share the peculiarity of tides in waiting for no man, I duly consulted my Bradshaw on the previous night, and having solved its mysteries to my intense satisfaction I go to rest in the full determination of being punctual to a second. I am called nearly an hour earlier than I am wont; I get up, feeling very sleepy, and perhaps not in that state of mental equanimity for which I am

usually distinguished. I wash, shave, and dress in what is figuratively termed 'less than no time;' but in time enough, nevertheless, to gash my chin and burst three successive buttons off my shirt-collar. I drive off in a hansom, and having paid the fellow three times his fare in order to ensure rapidity—discover to my infinite dismay that either I or my Bradshaw was in error, and that I have an hour to wait.

The world, or rather the station, is before me—where to choose! What am I to do? How am I to pass the dreary time. Spare hours of all kinds when they come upon one unexpected are intensely hard to occupy. There is that dreadful hour which elapses at a dinner party between your arrival and the commencement of the soup, during which everybody looks unutterably wretched, but is too well-bred to say so—there is that miserable hour which you are condemned to waste while your wife is just "putting on her bonnet" for the afternoon's drive; there is

that agonizing hour which you, with a face swelled to twice its size, are requested to wait until the dentist is ready to receive you. You know the old adage, however; "what can't be cured must be endured," and when you have an hour, on your hands the only way is to let it slip off your hands in the pleasantest manner possible.

Firstly—then I must get my ticket; secondly, I must look after my luggage. Those desirable objects being attained, it may be worth while to wile away some minutes over the advertisements, with which the station is so nicely stored. These advertisements have always afforded me food for the gravest contemplation. I speculate for instance on the properties of Mrs. Lazenby's fish-sauce, warranted to be genuine only if made by her, and I am immediately seized with the desire of knowing if the copper-plate signature which follows be genuine too. I turn from thence to Heal's patent bedsteads, from which by a natural inference my eyes

are directed towards Mr. Harper Twelve-trees' never-mind-what destroying powder. Herrings' magnetic brushes may next arrest my attention, and I wonder whether that beautiful young lady in the charming deshabelle who has been so perseveringly applying one to her luxuriant curls any time these five years has found it answer yet. Then there is Thorley's food for cattle—a sublime work of art; to which the attention of every one who keeps a horse, pig, or cow is respectfully claimed, and in which, in order that not only he who runs may read, but he who can't read may understand, the ingenious device has been adopted of representing the animals alluded to, pictorially. Close to Thorley's Food I observe Parr's life pills—warranted, I think, to cure every disease under the sun, speaking generally, and indigestion more particularly. Professor Holloway's, in the next placard, profess to do the same, and Mr. Page Woodcock's promise similar results, until I begin to

feel the greatest surprise that the invalid world should be so blind to its own interests as not to buy up every pill on these establishments as quickly as they are manufactured.

The word "digestion" recalls me to my own. It occurs to me that as the journey I am about to make is a long one, and the chances of getting dinner are somewhat distant, it may be as well to make a little provision for the future. With this resolve, I enter the buffet. It is a handsome well furnished apartment enough, the waiters are smug and dapper, the waitresses neat and tidy; but somehow or other, one cannot help feeling a sense of depression. I never in my life saw any man who enjoyed what he ate at a buffet. I have seen plenty who have execrated what they ate, many more whom sheer necessity had driven to devour uncomplainingly whatever they could lay hold of, and a greater number still who have brought homecut sandwiches with them in order to

avoid that necessity. Not that there is any lack of "refreshment"—but like the instruction imparted by Cornelia Blimber, the quality is far too often submerged in the quantity. There are buns in profusion—shining, glistening buns—which look tempting enough, but which, on closer inspection, you perceive to have been polished up to hide their age. There are sandwiches, too, dainty and trim—painfully trim—but with a stale flavour about them which puts you in mind of middle-aged belles, the flower of whose youth has long since run to seed. And chiefest of all there are the "pork-pies!" a name which, as you know, does duty at our stations, for masses of a whitish grease reposing in a circle of clay-coloured paste. Of what ingredients this dainty may be composed, it may be as well not to inquire, but we may, without going far wrong, adopt poor Frank Fowler's suggestion, that "the pigs that feed the pork are usually fed on the stale pies, so that it is impossible to tell through how many generations the

contents of a pasty may indirectly have passed."

Having refreshed my inner man with as many of the sandwiches as are eatable, and taking a smile from the syren who presides, as compensation for the rest, I bethink me that my mind may also feel the need of sustenance, and I sally forth in search of the book-stall. Surely here is mental pabulum enough! Here is something to suit every palate! Newspapers—of every opinion—theologic or political. *Times* for you, sir, if you be a Ministerialist; *Standard*, if you support the Opposition; *Star*, if you think with Mr. Bright; *Telegraph*, if it is your wish to be "independent." Novels, too—tales, sketches, gorgeous in their bright red, green, or yellow bindings; of every conceivable size and of every conceivable colour. The blood-curdling romances of an Ainsworth; the side-splitting yarns of a Marryat; the metaphysical mysteries of a Bulwer; the soul-thrilling adventures of a Grant; the hair-stand-on-end sen-

sations of you, oh, Miss Braddon, with your bewitching, fascinating, little murderesses, who hold our bachelor hearts in a sweet captivity through two volumes of their lives only to make us ashamed of finding ourselves "accessories before the fact," in the third. *Que voulez vous?* You like something quieter, simpler? I do. I am positively afraid to read those terrible stories in the train. I am carried away by the excitement. My brain gets confused. I fancy all sorts of horrors—that the boiler will burst—that the engine will run off the line—that we shall meet the down express! There, there I hear it coming now, quicker, quicker yet—how my pulse beats! Now I see its glaring lights—now I hear its awful shriek—and now—there is a crash, a scream—and I find myself lying a mangled heap upon the rails!! With a view to something less trying to the nerves, I look over the books upon the counter. What is this? "*After Office Hours*," clever sketches which I have read before in "All

the Year Round. "*Trifles*;" I think I have read this book before, also. Despairing of finding what I want, I address myself to the proprietor.

"What can you recommend as nice light reading?"

"Nice light reading, sir, yes, sir. Read *Lady Audley*, sir—capital tale? It contains a fire, a murder, and a bigamy!"

I shudder palpably, and rejoin—"No, no; I don't want anything of that kind just at present. I want something new that is quiet and amusing."

"Yes, sir, certainly. Now here's Lyell, '*On the antiquity of Man*,' quite new."

I growl forth a joke about that being old enough at any rate, and look out for myself. I discover that my friend has an unlucky knack of mistaking the tastes of his customers, for soon after an elderly gentleman, of an unmistakeably clerical cut, comes up and asks for the *Guardian*.

"*Guardian*, sir," returns my friend, "not

got one left, sir ; but here's this week's *Punch* if you like." Whereupon the clerical gentleman evaporates, in disgust.

Meanwhile the platform has been rapidly filling. Having purchased a book after my own heart, I deposit it carefully in my pocket and proceed to look about me. "The various expressions of the human countenance," says Charles Dickens, "afford a beautiful and interesting study," and perhaps there is nowhere where the expressions are more various or more worthy of observation than in a crowd at a railway station. Let me note a few as they pass :—

See that grim-visaged old prude—you can tell she is a prude—by all that is hard and angular, and out of joint. How she is pestering that unlucky porter—and what about ? One would think the crown at least was in danger to hear her talk. Heaven bless the woman ! it is only to ensure herself and her maid (a little half-starved creature, who is staggering under the weight of a bonnet-box)

a compartment to themselves, as she does not like travelling in the society of gentlemen ! May her request be complied with, and happy the men who travel as far out of her reach as they possibly can !

Yonder is a poor widow with her little boy whom she has seen the last of ere he returns to school. Poor little fellow ! he is crying bitterly !

How tenderly she bends over him as if to reassure him with her loving words. And he tries to bear up for her sake ; he has only lately lost his father, and, young as he is, he knows he must do all he can to fill the void in his mother's heart. He will not add to her sufferings, and yet it is hard, very hard, to check the rising tear. For school is a dreary place for the young, at the best—it is not the Paradise that their coldblooded seniors would have them believe. Near them is a young spark, got up in the height of fashion, who looks down upon the scene just depicted with profound contempt. He seems to have a

good opinion of himself, however, which must be extremely gratifying to his feelings, since no one else has. Not far off is a huntsman, sprucely equipped in tops and in scarlet, who is wrapt in earnest conversation with another of his kin. The twain look very knowing indeed, and ever and anon throw out mysterious hints about "cover," the meaning whereof I have altogether failed to discover, since, as Dickens observes, "following my own inclinations, I have never followed the hounds."

There are many other varieties of character to be found, which will afford interest. And in this I speak generally—I make no distinctions of persons—I include all alike—first classes, second classes, third classes, for in the matter of welcoming or bidding farewell, such distinctions are forgotten, and then alone is it that we feel the truth of the great poet's words:

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin."

Thus, there are sisters "seeing their brothers

off" for college ; soldiers and sailors taking leave of their "own Mary Anns," whose honest faces speak plainer than words, that they will never be unfaithful to their troth ; barristers—law in their eyes, law in their bags going on circuit ; jolly agriculturists on their way to the Beefleigh Cattle Show ; governesses going for the first time into a situation, and timidly doubtful of the happiness or misery, poor souls, that awaits them ; testy old gentlemen who are always intending to write to the *Times* about the negligence of the directors, and who never carry out their intentions, and many others too numerous to mention. For lo ! even as I write, the great bell sounds—the way is cleared—trucksfull of luggage are hurried about—"by your leave" is shouted, and French leave is taken, everybody stumbles up against everybody else, and with a mighty roar the train comes thundering into the station.

A BOOK OF INSTRUCTION—TWO
HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

WE do not boast half enough of our intellectual progress. We are well aware of the advances which we have made, but it is only when comparing the present with the past that we begin to feel duly and properly grateful for them. In days like these, days of competitive examinations, and middle-class training schools, and Baliol scholarships—days when mighty tomes are being written for the exposition of mighty subjects, great books for the exposition of small subjects, and small books for the exposition of every subject—days when the schoolmaster is abroad, and at home, and everywhere else with a ubiquity which is alarming—days

when we are geologized for a shilling, and astronomized “in a nutshell,” astrologized by Zadkiel for sixpence a year,* and theologized by Mr. Spurgeon at a penny a week,† we can hardly realize the state of the literary wilderness in which our forefathers were condemned to wander. We can hardly realize the fact of a book having been published some two hundred years ago, which embraces almost every conceivable branch of education, and professes to afford the fullest information on each and all respectively. Yet such a book I have before me now, and have considered not altogether unworthy a place in my “Jottings.” The book is but small—consisting in all of four hundred pages, duodecimo; but the title, as will be seen, is comprehensive enough—“A Help to Discourse; or, More Merriment mixt with serious matters; consisting of witty Philosophicall, Grammaticall, Physicall, Astronomicall

* Zadkiel's Almanac; annual, 6d. G. Berger, Holywell Street.

† The Penny Pulpit; by the Rev. C. Spurgeon; weekly.

Questions and Answers, as also, Epigrams, Epitaphs, Riddles, Jests, Poesies, Love-Toyes, &c., re-added, and plentifully dispersed. Together with the Countryman's Counsellor, and his yearly Oracle and Prognostication, with additions; or, a Help to Preserve his Health; never before printed." The author of the book is anonymous, but the printer, in an excess of modesty, which is not quite so prevalent just now, has consented to appear by initials only, thus, "London: Printed by E.T., for Andrew Crooke, at the Signe of the Green Dragon, in Paul's Churchyard." The date of its publication is 1654; and although modern readers may have been hitherto unaware of its existence, the fact of its having "fourteenth edition" on its title-page, affords ample proof of its having enjoyed a considerable popularity in its day.

Theology, taking the term in its widest sense, forms the staple of the first portion of the "Help to Discourse." Two things will be observed at the outset, first, that instruc-

tion is imparted *à la* Mangnall, by way of question and answer, and second, that the questions are as enigmatical as the answers are quaint. Thus, we are asked, "Whether did the cross bear Christ, or Christ bear the cross?" and we are answered, "It doth both, and both at once, and in bearing him, it bore all our iniquities, of which thus further :

Between two thieves the Just condemned to dye
Did hang, where all like punishment did try,
Though for a cause unlike they both death try'd,
For sinnes i'th World, he for the World's sinnes d'yd.

Of which one wittily adds that if ever goodnesse was in the midst of evill—then it was."

Again, "What wicked man was that, that for a most vile price sold to others what he had not in his power, and yet what was more precious than all the world?"

Answer: "Judas, that sold Christ."

And, "A certain godly man from a wicked required a gift that was far more excellent than all the world, and yet he gave it, and what was that?"

Ans. "Joseph of Arimathea, when he begged of Pilate Christ's body."

Here are some more of a similar character :—

"Who were those that once lived on the earth and never dyed?"

Ans. "Henoch (sic) and Elias."

"Who was he that died and was never born?"

Ans. "Adam."

"Who was he that was but once born, and dyed twice?"

Ans. "Lazarus."

"Who was he that spoke after death?"

Ans. "Abraham to the rich glutton."

"Who was he that prophesied before he was born?"

Ans. "John the Baptist, in the wombe of his mother."

"What issue was that which was elder than his mother?"

Ans. "Christ, to which purpose the poet wittily followeth it —

“Behold, the Father is the Daughter’s Sonne,
The bird that built the nest is hatched therein :
The old of time, an houre hath not out-run,
Eternal life to live doth now begin.”

These are very clever :—

“Whether were the heathen gods or heathen men more ancient ?”

Ans. “Certainly the men that made the gods.”

“In what place was it that the voyce of one creature pierced all the ears in the world ?”

Ans. “In Noa’s Arke.”

The two following witticisms are worthy of a Spurgeon :—

“Who are those that cannot, will not, may not doe, nor rightly understand ?”

1. “There are certain that neither understand God nor can understand Him, and those are dead men. 2. There are others that may understand, but care not, and they are wicked men. 3. There are another sort that desire to understand, but cannot, and these are fools. 4. There are a fourth sort that do

both understand and make use, and these are godly."

And "Who is the best Arithmetician of all others?"

Ans. "God, for he made all things in number, weight, and measure; likewise he numbers the stars, our teares, the haire of our heads, our dayes, our bones."

Part the second is devoted to "certain mixt Philosophicall Questions, more various, and of greater liberty." Of great liberty are they indeed, the philosophy including much that is altogether beneath the notice of a Dugald Stewart or a Whewell. I am sorry to find that my author's philosophy (such as it is) does not lead him to think over well of the other sex. In answer to a question—a question, by the way, which has puzzled physiologists from the Creation until now—

"How is it that there be many more women in the world than men?"

We are informed that, "Some think because women are exempted from the warres,

from the seas, imprisonments (things must have altered since then), and many other troubles and dangers of the land, to be a reason sufficient. So others likewise there are that think this may be the reason, because in the whole course of Nature the worst things are ever most plentiful."

Again, we are informed "That of all waters, the most deceitful are of the tears of a woman;" that "of all creatures the most wanton are insatiate women."

We are reminded that Sir Thomas More (who deserved decapitation for that, if for nothing else), was wont to say, that "the choosing of wives was fitly compared unto the plucking eeles out of a bag, wherein for every eele are twenty snakes;" and, that concerning "imperious women," the terrible Themistocles thus observed to his own wife:—

"O wife, the Athenians rule the Grecians, I the Athenians, thou me, thy sonne thee; therefore in my opinion he spake not amisse

who said he never knew Commonwealth, nor private family well governed, where the hen crew, and the cock held his peace; for though it be said of women that they are so able of tongue, that three of their clappers will make a reasonable noyse for a market; yet, though they talk, they should not command, or at least, should not govern."

At the tongue of a woman—that universal mark for the arrows of the wit from Shakespeare down to the creator of the caudles—our author lets fly this little dart: "When a man dyes, which is the last part of him that stirs, and which of a woman?"

Ans: "The last part of a man that stirs is his heart, but of a woman her tongue."

Further on, Cato is quoted as having repented himself of three things only, the first of which was, "that he ever believed a woman."

At page 96 we are asked, "What is Death very fitly resembled unto?" to which is the

reply, "To a woman; for seek her, and she flyes you; fly her, and she seeks you."

According to the poet:—

Follow a shadow it still flyes you ;
Seem to fly it will pursue you.
So court a woman she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.

Our modern satirist, Thackeray, in an amusing article on "Child's Parties," similarly observes—"The women, by rights, ought to court the men, and they would if we but left them alone." In another place a woman is compared to a ship because these are "two things that cannot be too much trimmed;" and again, "a ship, is turned and guided by the stern, a little piece of wood, so must the wife in this be like, being willing to be guided by the direction of the husband; and as it fails not but by deliberation, sounding, and compasse, so must not she walke but by discretion and judgment. But herein she must be unlike, for as one ship may belong to many merchants, and many merchants may be owners of one ship, so must

not the wife. She must be property but to one, and lastly, a ship may be painted, but a woman should not."

There, dear ladies, what do you say to that application of the lash? Have you had enough, or à la Oliver Twist, do you ask for more?

Our author is not less severe on Popes and Papists. Here are two bitter pills for his Holiness to swallow.

"Who is the greatest opposer of truth?"

Ans. "The Pope, who, as Baleus recites, is so opposite, that commonly whatsoever he praises is worthy of dispraise; for whatsoever he thinkes is vain; whatsoever he speakes is false; whatsoever he dislikes is good; whatsoever he approves is evill; and whatsoever he extols is infamous."

"What seats are ordained for Popes after this life?"

Ans. "Heaven they continually sell, and daily offer for sale; and, therefore, Hell is their place in reversion."

The author, it will be observed, is somewhat censorious, but we must remember the temper of the times in which he lived. It was in the year of grace, 1654, and but five years since the execution of a certain king, whose lady's openly avowed Roman Catholic tendencies had been the cause of the greatest alarm. The following is pleasanter, because kindlier in tone; and, moreover, the shaft is aimed at other game as well.

“Who are the most merry, most free, most mad, and most blessed in the world?”

“The most merry are Popish priests that sing when others weep, both before they dye, and after they are dead. The most free are physicians, that are licensed to kill without punishment, so that what is death to others is gain to them. The most mad are nice grammarians, that fight about vowels, and for air and sound. The fourth are the poor that are blessed; though with Agar I pray to give me neither poverty nor riches, but contented-

nesse," to which, however, he silyly appends Ovid's lines —

Non tamen hæc tanti est, pauper ut esse velim—
Though *blessings* be for them in store
To be their *heir* *I'd not be poor!!!*

There are three properties which our author considers necessary to a good chirurgeon—
"A hawke's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand."

Do they think the same at "Bartholomew's,"
I wonder?

And it is in these three forms that he appears to his patient; "in the forme of a skillful man, when he promiseth helpe; in the shape of an angel when he performes it; in the forme of a devill when he asketh his reward"—a compliment which the Faculty will, doubtless, appreciate. Here is a special bit of "philosophy" which is worth quoting, as affording a solution of what has long been a *vexata quæstio* in the science of ethics.

"Is Faith to be kept with an enemy?"

Ans. "IT IS; for we are not so much to consider to whom as by whom we have sworn, and therefore he is found much faithfuller than thou which believing thee, having sworn by the name of God, hath been deceived, than thou, that by that means hast deceived him."

The rest of his moral philosophy may be summed up in the following, "Wherefore is the World round?" "Because that it, and all therein, should not fill the heart of man, being a triangle receptable for the holy trinity."

And "what may the world most fitly be compared unto?" "To a deceitful nut, which, if it be opened with the knife of Truth, nothing is found in it but vacuity and vanity," which latter sentiment may have been original at the time at which it was written, but, if so, it has been sadly plagiarized since. Touching the Mysteries of Life and Death we are asked, "How is death proved to be nothing to us?"

Ans. "Thus—when death is—we are not; and, when we are—then death is not; and, therefore, death is nothing to us," which is logical, if not convincing.

And, again, "How is our death proved to be something almost depending upon nothing?"

Ans. "Thus—the years that are past, are gone, and those we have not; the future we are not certain of, and therefore boast not of; the time present is but a moment—and that is the brittle thread it depends upon. And, therefore, to this I adde with a Father—Happy is he, that in this, his short minute, lays hold upon Christ's mercies, and even whilst it is called to-day, and he may be found that bore all our infirmities upon his Crosse." A curious rhyme follows:

"No fruitfull field am I, no blessed wheat,
But cursed Cockle (*sic.*) to weed out or eat,
Yet though I am thus cast out, lost and sold
To Sin, yet Lord, reduce me to that fold."

The term "cursed cockle" is, I think, as novel as it is expressive. The ensuing question

and answer are worthy of note. "Wherefore have all the Jews a ranke smell or savour? Some think because they are of a bad digestion. Some think the wrath of God upon them the immediate cause; howsoever they have been a people strangely dispersed over the earth, slaughtered and tormented in all countries.—France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and England. In King John's time they were fined at 1,000 marks a man, upon penalty of not payment to lose their teeth. An old Jew of Bristol had six of his teeth pulled out because he refused to pay the fine. Many thousands of them were slaughtered in divers kingdoms, upon a rumour being spread that they had poisoned all the wells in those countries; and whenever they live at this day among christians, they live in subjection and slavery to them they most hate." It is worthy of note that even so early as 1654, the intolerance against Judaism had shown signs of decrease, and that a writer could be found bold enough to

speak of them as a persecuted and "tormented" race, albeit "of a rank smell or savour." What would he have said had he foreseen that two hundred years later they would be admitted as representatives into the British House of Parliament? Our author was not particularly partial to the "chase," if we may judge from the following: "What kind of men are they which, being as beasts, themselves sit upon beasts, carry beasts on their hands, have beasts running about them, and all to pursue and kill beasts?" Ans: "unlettered huntsmen."

What would our author have said to Mr. Kingsley's panegerics on that "noble sport?" A clergyman, too! Surely he would have been sent to the same limbo as the Pope—recorded above. One or two more original remarks which defy classification are worth mentioning. We are asked, conundrum-wise, wherefore have we two ears and but one tongue, to which there is this terse and pithy answer: "That we should hear twice

as much as we speak." It would be a good thing sometimes, if not only "little boys," but "great men and women," were "seen and not heard." But I am sorry to say that two centuries have not improved us as much in this respect as our author might have wished. Next I would quote the solution of a problem over which I have sorely puzzled. "How comes it that the husband seeks the wife, and not the contrary, the wife the husband?"

Ans.: "Because the man seeks that which he formerly lost; that is, his rib, which was taken from him in the forming of the woman out of his side, and therefore, when a man marries a wife, what doth he but fetch back the rib which he first lost?" There is something, to my mind, too tender and touching in the following idea to warrant its omission. "What waters of all others ascend highest?"

Ans.: "The teares of the faithfull, which God gathers into his bottle."

After this "philosophy mixt" come "cer-

taine grammaticall questions." These would seem to be of "greater liberty" than even the "philosophy mixt," since, after a few preliminary observations on the construction of sentences, they tear off at a canter to the lives of Hermogenes and Archimede and thence to a chronicle of the kings of England. It will be sufficient to quote a few of the more special.

The following, to begin with, may be considered "a sell." The question is put: "Wherefore have grammarians formed three genders in art, seeing there are but two in nature; or why doth not nature bring forth things of the neuter gender, as well as of the masculine and the feminine?" and it is answered: "Let him tell the cause of that who can; or if he cannot, let him seek another Palemon that can unty this knot, for (please to observe the elegance of the expression) my heifer shall not plow this." The other questions are classical to a degree, though whether the answers would pass one for a

degree is another matter. "What is the difference between os, oris, for the mouth, and os, ossis, for a bone?"

Ans. "Whatsoever is gotten by os, ossis, the bone, is devoured of os, oris, the mouth."

Question the second. "Why is honos, for honour, written with h, an aspiration; and onus, for a burden, without?"

Ans. "Because to the one all men aspire, the other few men doe desire."

Hereupon ensueth "a Discourse of wonders Domesticall and Forraigne," among which we are regaled with the chronicles of such wonders as these :—

"An. Dom. 1571, at Knivaston, in Hereford, the ground sunke, and an hill with a rock of stones at the foot of it lifted itselfe up with a great noyse, and ascended to a higher place, leaving a deep pit behind it; carrying with it trees growing, sheep-coats, and flockes of sheep, of the trees, some say, covered with earth, others growing fast in the hill as it went stood upright. Thus,

having walked from Saturday evening till Munday noone it rested." The above is interesting from the fact of our having recently (September, 1863) been startled by the shock of an earthquake. At the Isle of Sheppey, the cat of Dick Whittington seems to have been in request, for we read of a "multitude of mice that could not be driven away till a flight of owles came and devoured them."

Another "domesticall" wonder was an industrious flea, which "drew a chaine of twenty-four links with lock and key," and a still greater marvel was the remarkably thick-skinned sleeper "that slept in the Tower three days and three nights, and could not be wakened during that space by any noyse or violence, by pricking with needles, or otherwise."

This "forraigne wonder" may, for its grotesque improbability, claim a place by the side of any other pseudo "miracle" you may like to name:—

"A poore begger woman laden with chil-

dren came to the door of a certain Dutch countesse, and craved an almes, which the Countess not only denyed, but called her foul names, telling her withall it was impossible she should have so many by one man ; which this begger hearing besought God who knew her innocent to manifest it unto her by giving her so many at one birth by her husband as there are days in the year, which fell out accordingly !!! ”

There is one more which is almost as racy. “ In what part of the world is it that trees breed living creatures ? ”

Ans. : “ In the Iles of orchades in Scotland, wherein growes a tree neare the sea-side that bears fruit like unto a fowl, which dropping downe into the water becomes a living creature like a ducke.”

Our author, however, constantly shows himself to be in advance of his age—and here he adds, with just a tinge of scepticism, “ But this reported rather by history than by the people of that country.”

The next portion of our book embraces a couple of stories "contentive to read, and necessary to be known," and containing respectively the histories of Saint George and Saint Christopher. Concerning Saint George it is recorded how that he, passing through Lybia, discovered that the princess of that country was about to be offered up as a sacrifice to a terrible dragon. This insatiate Moloch, it appears, had been in the habit of preying first upon the Lybian sheep, then upon the Lybian men, then upon the Lybian children, and now, as a last resource, had come for the daughter of the Lybian King. Perceiving matters in this predicament, or, as our author has it, "espying this forlorn wight," Saint George valiantly resolved to fight the dragon. This he accordingly did, and after a severe encounter "wounded him sore," and leads him conquered and captive in triumph to the city, where the inhabitants, with a bravery which did them credit, proceeded to slaughter him. The same saint, we are in-

formed, helped the Christians, by means of a "spectral illusion," in which "a white arm" and "a red cross" played a conspicuous part, to take the city of Jerusalem. Concerning Saint Chrysostom, it is recorded how that he, being in search of the greatest prince in the world, was one day entreated by a child to carry him across a river. He complied, but ere he had crossed halfway the child grew so heavy, and the water swelled so high, that he was in danger of drowning. However, he got over in safety, and then the Saint says to the child:—"Thou, childe, weighest almost as heavy as if I had carried all the world upon my back."

Quoth the childe:—"Thou hast borne all the world upon thy back and HIM that created it. And to make sure thereof set thy staff in the ground, and to-morrow it shall bud and bring forth fruit." The next day it did bud and bring forth fruit, and the result, we are told, was his own conversion and the conversion of thousands. It is a queer old legend,

and though we may disbelieve it, there is a quaint beauty in it which is very attractive.

A collection of epigrams and epitaphs come next in order, of the former of which the following may be taken as specimens :

I.

Health is a jewel true, which when we buy
Physicians value it accordingly.

II.

A beggar ask'd a penny once and swore
Give him but that, and he would ne'er ask more ;
With that I op'd and what he ask'd I gave,
But deeply vow'd he never more should have :
Not long from thence he ask'd again, and wept
So that I gave, yet both our Oaths were kept.

And of the latter

ON THE DEATH OF THE ELDEST SON OF ONE MASTER KITCHING.

Here lies one in the flowre of youth
Once his friends' joy now his parent's ruth :
If Kitching be his name, as I have found,
Then death now keeps his kitching under ground,
And hungry worms that late of flesh did eat
Devour their kitching in the stead of meat.
This was his lot, and, Reader, this must be,
Ere long thy ruine, and the end of me.

Riddles too find favour with our author, of which I will extract a few of the best. Here is a pretty trifle for the ladies :

Sweet Lady, such a boon I crave
 As being gone again you have :
 Nay, if you surfeit my request
 Your gift returns with interest :
 'Tis not so wanton as may show
 A Venus blush, a Cupid's bow ;
 Such as your beauties sympathize
 When Cupid's quiver is in your eyes :

That blisse which answers my desire
 May parallel Diana's fire :
 'Tis such as in a moment's stay
 Is given and is gone away :
 Yet if you grant, you grant a bliss ;
 Sweet Lady, tell me what it is ?

And the "sweet lady" of course has the
 answer on the tip of her—lips. Here are
 two more in rhyme :

There is a body without a heart
 That hath a tongue and yet no head,
 Buried it was ere it was made,
 And loud doth speak and yet is dead.

Resolution : A bell which when cast is
 founded in the ground.

One evening as cold as cold might be
 With frost and hail and pinching weather
 Companions about three times three
 Lay close all in a pound together :
 Yet one after other they took a heat
 And dyed that night all in a sweat.

Resolution : A pound of candles.

Among those in prose we have: "First my mother brought me forth, when shortly after I the daughter bring forth my mother again?" the resolution whereof is "Ice—which is first made of water, afterwards melts and brings forth water again;" and "What is that which produceth tears without sorrow, takes his journey to heaven, but dyes by the way, is begot by another, yet that other is not begot without it," the resolution whereof is "smoke." The following "catches" I think exceedingly good. "What one man was that, that slew at once the fourth part of the world?"

Ans. "Cain; that slew his brother when there were but four persons in the world."

"What is that that stands still on one foot and on the other walks round?"

Ans. "A pair of compasses." In the matter of jests I grieve to say that our author is somewhat indecent. But then I plead in extenuation the times in which he lived. If this is to be deemed a valid excuse for the

coarseness which occasionally defames the manifold beauties of the immortal Shakspeare—surely it will be considered sufficient for the author of “the Help to Discourse.” It is unfortunate in this case certainly, as some of the smartest jokes are also the filthiest. Two pearls from the dung-heap may, however, safely be extracted. “A cardinall on a time, for his exceeding pomp and pride, was rebuked by the French king and told that it was not their manner of old to be so. So, quoth the cardinall, in times past king’s were shepheards, and keepers of cattell.”

“A foolish scholar, hearing a crow would live a hundred yeares, went and bought one to try the conclusion.”

“A fellow poor and improvident compelled to take up his lodging on the ground, where tumbling and tossing all night long on his hard couch he could not sleep; in the morning rising up he cast down his eye on the place where he lay, and espyed a feather: Oh, quoth he, now I see the cause of my

trouble that all this night I could not rest : I wonder, if one feather can trouble me so much, how do they do that lye upon thousands ?” This last may call to our recollection the story (I think I quote it aright) of the wife who was chosen from among a number of others, because she alone was sensitive enough to have her night’s rest destroyed by a pea which had been placed under the mattress on which she lay.

After this digression to lighter matters our author becomes fearfully learned, and discourseth knowingly about Epacts and Equinoctials, Rainbows and Planets, but as the spread of science has tolerably popularized the knowledge of those interesting matters I will not record his opinions here. Then he gets superstitious again, and points out certain days of a man’s life which are to be considered “dangerous,” or—here follows a word of the gravest import—“clymactericall (!!!)” He has however the advantage of our modern soothsayer in one respect ; he volunteers

reasons, odd enough though they be, for the avoidance of his "clymactericall" days. Thus we are to beware of the "first Monday in April," because "on that day Cain was born and his brother Abel slain," the "second Monday in August," because "on that day Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed," and the "31st of December," because on that day Judas was born that betrayed Christ. Whether he is correct in his facts or not I will not stop to inquire.

In like manner he is an interpreter of dreams. To dream of eagles' flying over our heads, of marriages, or of dancing, and banqueting foretels that "some of our Kinsfolk are departed." Who shall decide when the oracles disagree? According to a dream-book* which was written by the lamented "Mother Shipton," to dream of "marriage," portendeth "sickness," of "dancing," "weariness and langour;" of "banqueting," "that we shall be disappointed!" In another †

* Mother Shipton's Dream-book; A. Park, Leonard St., Finsbury.

† Published by S. & J. Keys, Devonport.

dream-book, "Dancing" denoteth "Joyful news from an absent friend, and unexpected good fortune," which, to be sure, to an expectant heir, might be regarded as one and the same thing with the loss of his kinsfolk! To dream of "gold, is good fortune," of "silver," according to our author, "if thou hast given it to thyself, is sorrow," though, according to Mother Shipton, it is "success in trade, and every other undertaking!" To dream of "losing an axal-tooth, or an eye," is a "friend's death;" but, according to Mother Shipton, "to dream our teeth fall out is good," though it must be owned that my other dream-book coincides with our author in both particulars. To dream of "bloody teeth, is the dreamer's own death;" of "seeing one's face in the water," or of "seeing the dead—long life," though as to the latter, a third * dream-book maintains that it meaneth, "ill-usage from friends," while both of the others hold to its signifying

* Raphael's Dream-book. Fairburn, Featherstone St., City Rd.

“a wedding!” To dream of “birds, is a sign of ill-luck,” with which Mother Shipton appears to agree, though Raphael considers them as signs of “Joy, success in business;” and, “if we are married, advantage to our family;” though, to be sure, “wounds from birds of prey are powerful enemies.” To dream of “handling lead,” or of “seeing a hare, is death,” though Mother Shipton doesn’t go so far as that, believing “lead” merely to imply “sickness,” and “hares, pain;” whereas, if we should happen to be sportsmen, and “shoot” them, the omen is entirely reversed, and we are to expect the enjoyment of “long life!”

Arithmetical matters next engage our author’s attention, and we are treated to a number of Tables of Usury, Laws of Exchange, “fit to be regarded by all those that out of a wary disposition intend to thrive.” An Essay in Rhyme, and an Essay in Prose, are also given upon the rules of Purchase

and Sales, which might have been useful in their day, but are utterly valueless now, from the fact of an unkind Legislature having entirely altered their nature and properties.

Our author next turns doctor, and writes out a few prescriptions "for the better preservation of our health." These, it must be owned, are not remarkable for novelty, and indeed are such as we might be thought to have known before. Thus, we are to live in a healthy climate, to eat meats that are easy of digestion, such as capons, chicken, or mut-ton, not to eat too much or of too many different dishes, to drink wine in moderation, to take exercise in the open air, not to go to bed too late, not to lie on our backs in sleep, to rise early—with other guinea's worths of advice given free, gratis, and for nothing.

After this there follow a few more of the "quips and cranks," none of which merit special quotation, though among them I am rejoiced to find that our author, cold-blooded

misogynist as he is, has so far recovered himself as to dole out this meagre tribute to the darlings of our hearths and homes—

“ Question : Three things should be always at home, and what are they ? ”

Ans. “ The Hen-roost, a Cat, and a Beautiful Wife.”

And then the book is brought to a conclusion with “certaine briefe observations on Secrets in Nature and Art not impertinent to our former subject,” a few of which I hope it will not be thought impertinent in me to extract. It appears to be a “Secret in Nature” that “a fowle hung up in a fig-tree becometh marvellous tender, though otherwise harsh and tough before; and that likewise a Bull, or other wild beast, tyed thereunto, becometh tame;” it is also a “Secret in Nature,” that “if a man be the first that a woman meets with, after she, being newly churched, comes out of the churchdoore, it signifies that the next child will be a boy; if a woman, that it will be a girle; but this,” says our

ever sceptical instructor, "we rather take to be opinion than probability;" it is likewise a "Secret in Nature" that "though it is a maxime that what is once dead cannot be recovered, yet a Fly, that worthless creature, being drowned and dead, will be recovered again by laying her in warm ashes," all of which, I am inclined to think, are "secrets" the revelation of which would be of the most material service to mankind, were it not utterly preposterous to suppose that they are founded upon fact.

BATHING À LA MODE.

You crossed over, last evening, you say, and had a wretched passage which was but partially redeemed by a good night's rest in one of the nattiest little bedrooms of the *Hotel des Bains*; and now having interchanged Anglo-Gallic grimaces with the *garçons* and made mute love to the *grisettes*, and finally, having digested a *petit déjeuner*, consisting of *omelette aux fines herbes*, *melon*, *soles frites*, *fricandeau*, *cotelette à la jardinière*, *volaille roti*, *pommes de terre à la maître d'hôtel*, *pêches*, *pain et beurre*, and *café au lait*, you want to know what to do with yourself until dinner time. It is too long a walk to the Cathedral, it is too hot to scale the heights

of Caligula's Tower, the reminiscences of the past evening are too vividly impressed upon your memory to admit of your tempting the elements in a cruise. Come with me, then, make me thy cicerone and I will show thee a sight. Come, having first purchased a "Punch" of Mr. Merridew as a symbol of your nationality, and a cigar of the pretty girl on the quay as a mark of your condescension, and hie to the beach, where with our lazy limbs out-stretched upon the sand we will watch and take note of the bathing at Boulogne. As we leave the pier we pass a sturdy old mendicant who sits grinding upon an organ a series of tunes which would as certainly send to an untimely end a whole cattle-show of cows as they would drive mad a square full of Babbages. Attached to the top of this diabolical instrument is a tin tube shaped like a coffee-strainer and so constructed that the pence which may be dropped into it can only be taken out from a drawer behind. He must make a profitable trade

of it, I should think, for judging by the fullness of the strainer hardly a person passes who does not contribute a sou to the exchequer of the *pauvre aveugle*.

We are in excellent time. Performances have not yet begun. There is no one in the water as yet, though the machines are most of them drawn out, and the sturdy hacks relieved of their burdens are being ridden leisurely back from the sea. The sea itself is very beautiful. There is hardly a wave to be seen upon its placid bosom. Smooth and glassy as a lake, it glitters and sparkles in the noonday sun, and ripples musically to and fro, and breaks in gentle murmurs on the shore.

There is a motley crowd upon the beach. Young men, ruddy faced and light whiskered, equipped in peg-top trouser and pork-pie hat, afford a fair representation of the "strangers." Young men, sallow-faced and moustachioed, and wearing straw hats of a colossal size, make a good show as the "natives." While

in the case of the ladies, of whom there is no lack, gallantry forbids us to make comparisons or to draw distinctions.

Strolling by us are a band of bonnie bare-legged fish-wives, their scarlet hoods setting off their pretty brown cheeks and sparkling eyes to the greatest advantage. And yet they are little conscious of it. Hard work and coarse fare, and a life inured to labour, leave them little time for coquetry, poor things. Here are a knot of shabbily dressed individuals, whose thread-bare appearance unmistakeably betokens the object of their visit to Boulogne, and who ever and anon cast wistful glances at the white cliffs which they have left behind, and which frown at them, like angry creditors, across the sea.

Everywhere are groups of children, some floating tiny boats in the puddles, some making ducks and drakes—ornithological curiosities whose genus would have sadly puzzled Cuvier; others digging with their spades or raising towers and forts of sand,

and little heeding that in a moment the remorseless wave will come and level them to the ground. "The child is father to the man," and whenever I look upon children at these futile labours I cannot help thinking of all the mighty works on which man wastes his strength and hopes and fortunes—all how soon to be obliterated in the great sea of time.

"Holloa! I say; missus, voolay voo?" shouts a fussy old Englishman—utterly oblivious to the fact of his being at "Bolong" as he calls it, and not at Ramsgate. "Where is a machine—here!" But Mr. Jones does not comprehend.

Though he is an estimable stockbroker; a great authority on 'Change; has the reputation of being a knowing card and up in the mysteries of the Three per Cents.; Mr Jones himself undoubtedly is "at a discount" on this side of the Channel.

Everything is systematic here—*en règlement*. "They manage these things better in

France." Each bather has a number given him at the establishment which we passed, and he must wait in patience till his number is announced. The duty of announcing these numbers devolves upon a very old woman, who looks considerably over ninety, upon whose constitution salt water and iodine have had a most beneficial effect. The old lady will holloa lustily enough when Jones, otherwise "*Numero Vingt-un's*," turn arrives; but until then, being rather deaf as well as unacquainted with the English language, she will pay him not the slightest attention.

Lo! at this moment the door of a machine is swung back, and splash—splash; two lively girls plunge headlong into the water. Both are got up in the most *recherché* of costumes, the one in a blue the other in a red serge dress, cut short at the knees and having drawers to match. There is a pretty belt for the waist, and the whole is profusely adorned with ribbons and streamers. Sweet little ducks! How merry they are! How tho-

roughly they enjoy themselves ! And above all, how well they know the secret of a really enjoyable bath. For be it known that they are masters, or rather mistresses, of an accomplishment unknown, unlearnt by the majority of our own countrywomen. They can swim. Not for them the miserable jack-in-the-box movement which seems to constitute the sole delight of our English fair, when with the sea up to their knees, and clinging tight to the rope of the machine, they take their morning dip at Seacliff.

No—the French lasses strike boldly out, hands well together, arms slightly bent, head well up, and altogether perform a succession of aquatic feats which would ensure them a ready “pass” from the swimming-masters at Eton. From another machine issues a grissly old Frenchman. He, like the young ladies is habited *en costume*, which, in his case, consists simply of a very well-fitting striped jacket and trousers. Splash ! in he goes head foremost, and turning up again the

next moment exhibits his dripping beard, and grinning teeth, the very picture of self-complacency. "*C'est délicieux, parole d'honneur,*" shouts the old fellow, addressing some comrade in the machine. And the invisible gentleman seems disposed to test the truth of his assertion, for a moment has hardly elapsed before he splashes in after him.

Out of the next machine step a young couple newly married — she somewhat coyly at first, but gaining courage as she looks up at the kind, earnest eyes that are bent on hers and speak such tender love. Out of another comes an elderly lady with her pet dog—one of that horrid woolly-headed bare-backed breed yclept French poodle—whom she has brought down for a dip.

The creature regards the water dubiously, and utters a piteous whine as the first wave breaks over him; but his mistress, the void in whose spinster heart Fido evidently fills, addresses him encouragingly, and tells him it is for his good, all of which, of course, the ani-

mal thoroughly understands and appreciates. From another issues a middle-aged mother with her pet, a child, who proves even more refractory than the dog, and dismal are the howlings with which he regales the maternal ears while he is undergoing the miseries of a ducking. From two others there burst at the same moment a genuine English party.

From the one, paterfamilias, son, and nephew; from the other, materfamilias, daughters twain, and niece. And as pleasing a group are they as artist could desire. There is old pater—old in years, as his wrinkled brow and silvered hair most surely attest, but young in the buoyancy, the elasticity, the honest heartiness of youth. Radiant and smiling is mater in her sprucely-decked garments, which, she thinks, become her admirably, and judging by the admiring gaze of old pater, perhaps she is not far in the wrong. Sisters twain are buxom likewise and up to all sorts of mischief, as that good-

humoured fellow of a cousin can tell you who is enduring a terrible splashing at their hands. Niece is lissom, golden-haired, and has a fresh English colour upon her cheek not yet ruined by that foreign sun which, golden and glorious though it be, plays the very devil with a fair complexion. Pater's son regards her tenderly, and it may be nurses a secret attachment. There is a little flirtation going on between them already. Well, and why not? For all I know to the contrary proposals may be made, and hands and hearts may be offered—and troth may be plighted—*en costume des bains*—in the water. As fitting a place surely as a public promenade or a ball-room, where offers have been made and are made daily. As fitting—more fit, for it is less noticeable, and the roar of the sea is an effectual security from eavesdroppers. But lo! as we speak they have formed themselves into a ring, each linking his hand to that of the other. And so, splashing, and laughing, and flirting, they take their fill of merriment, and dance round

an imaginary mulberry tree to their heart's content.

They manage these things better in France. Laurence Sterne's maxim has been oft quoted and applied to a great many institutions of the sister country. Can it be applied to the system of bathing which is practised at Boulogne? Or, on the other hand, do you think that that system is an outrage to every sense of decency? Everyone has a right to his own opinion—I am inclined to think not. I am inclined to think that it is not half as indecent as that system which permits ladies to appear in public with nothing on but a loose gown of oilskin which the lightest gust of wind may disarrange, and permits members of the other sex to exhibit themselves within a distance of fifty yards literally and entirely in a state of nature.

TWO FEASTS.

I AM one of a large party assembled to witness a fashionable wedding. There, by the altar rails, stands the bride, pale and pensive, but very happy —

Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn ; happier in this
She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;
Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to his to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

There, on the other side, stands the bridegroom—proud and confident in the love that is reposed upon him. Behind him stand the groomsmen trim and jaunty in their fawn-coloured waistcoats and wedding favours, and gazing sweetly across upon the bridesmaids ; behind her stand the bridesmaids, gaily equipped in laces and satins, and taking note,

I suspect, of how they are to act when their turn comes. "It is still customary," says the learned Mr. Brand, "in most parts of England, for the young men present at the marriage ceremony to salute the bride one by one the moment it is concluded."

We dispense with that ceremony on this occasion, but there is another which we studiously observe.

As we come out of church we are met by a band of school-children, who strew flowers in the path of the bride. It is a pretty old custom that, I think, of strewing flowers in a young bride's path.

Glide by the banks of virgins then and passe
The showers of roses, lucky four-leaved grasse ;

by which it will be seen that the custom was known to old Herrick. On our return from church we were shown into a room wherein are displayed the wedding presents. "In old times," I again quote from Mr. Brand, "it was the custom for all the friends invited to the breakfast to bring or send some contribu-

tion, from a *cow* or a *calf* down to a half crown or a shilling." I do not notice any cows or calves among the gifts, nor even half-crowns and shillings, but there is a great deal of what is choice, rich, and costly. We stare at the presents for some time, and remark that this is very handsome, and that very beautiful, and that nothing in the world is more exquisite than the other, until we are well nigh tired out. At length our cuisinier—Mr. Cookbestson, who for to-day at least is invested with an almost despotic authority—sends word to say that the breakfast is ready. Whereupon we pair off, two and two, like the animals in Noah's ark, and make for the breakfast room. Truly here is a sumptuous repast! Here is enough to satiate a Lucullus—here is enough for appetites the most dainty—palates the most Epicurean. Game and poultry, hams and tongues, beef and veal (by way of compensation for the absence of the living animals) cooked, dressed, and done up into every conceivable form and every conceivable shape.

And in the middle—towering aloft on its classic pillars, frosted over like the summit of a Pyrenean mountain, stands the mighty cake itself. Well, we get through the breakfast, we eat and drink and talk—

“We laugh and quaff, and drink cold sherry—”

And drain bumpers in sparkling champagne, and we are all very gay, and very merry, and very talkative. At length there is a general hush. The speeches are about to begin. Somebody, whose part in our little play has been that of the “heavy father,” rises to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom. He begins by observing (if my memory serve me right), that no young couple could have been better suited to each other than this young couple; that on the one side there is faithfulness and love—on the other there is tenderness and affection; and that, all things considered, there is every prospect of their leading a happy life together.

But in my humble opinion that part of his

speech was the best in which he admonished them not to hope for, not to wish for—perpetual happiness.

We must all have our sorrows (he said); we must all have our cares, our bitter griefs, our hours of agony. But ought we to wish it otherwise? Is it not out of our greatest sorrows that our greatest joys are born?

“Is it not the sweetest rose that’s washed in morning dew? Is not love loveliest when embalmed in tears?”

Oh! sacred sorrow, he who knows not thee,
Knows not the best emotions of the heart—
Those tender tears that humanize the soul,
The sigh that charms, the pangs that give delight.

I know all this has been said before; but can it be said too often? God forbid! Never, while there is one tear left to wipe away! Never, while there is one poor aching heart to comfort and console!

The toast being enthusiastically drunk, Mr. Bridegroom stands forth from behind the cake, and “would like to say a few words in

return for the kind manner in which the company have drunk his health.”

Mr. Bridegroom’s part is undoubtedly that of the “leading tragedian.” He might be likened unto Hamlet, but that that gentleman was invariably addicted to melancholy—and this I am sure cannot be said of Mr. Bridegroom. He might better be compared unto “Othello” in the earlier stage of his wedded life, and before that miscreant Iago had poisoned his mind, and made him,

Like the base Judean, throw away a pearl,
Richer than all his tribe.

God defend you, my friend, from such caitiff slanderers—there are far too many of them in the world.

Be she as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
She shall not escape calumny.

God shield your honest heart against their viperous lies.

Meanwhile I am forgetting Mr. Bridegroom’s speech. It is neat, effective, and to the purpose. He speaks kindly and honour-

ably of his bride—modestly and becomingly of himself, and he earnestly trusts that they may both live to show themselves worthy of the kind wishes that have been expressed for their welfare. In conclusion he would propose the health of those twelve young ladies who have so kindly given up so much of their valuable time in order to be present upon this occasion, and to act in the capacity of bridesmaids. Whereupon up gets Mr. Bridegroom's brother—"the first comic man" I will call him—and humourously observes, that to distribute oneself into twelve portions is a task which, under any circumstances, is, to say the least of it, difficult, but that when those portions are ladies, the task becomes almost superhuman. He further expresses the hope that all the young ladies whom he has the honour to represent, will follow the example which has been set them as speedily as possible, (whereupon all the young ladies titter); he had used the word "hope"—he would beg leave to correct himself, and say

that he is certain that they *will* (whereupon all the young ladies blush, but don't look at all inclined to deny the assertion notwithstanding).

Several other toasts are then proposed and acknowledged by other members of the company, the "walking," or rather "talking gentlemen," let us say, and then the happy pair prepare for their departure. As they take leave a cry is raised for an old shoe, which is to be thrown at their carriage "for good luck." In olden times it was a stocking, in fact, the bride's stocking, which was thrown, and the great art seems to have been "to hit the bridegroom on the nose." *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* We are grown so uncommonly proper now, that we prefer "a shoe." The last part of the ceremony, however, we carry out to the letter, and all I hope is that the shoe isn't a hard one.

On the following evening I was present at another feast—a feast given in honour of the marriage to some three hundred poor school-

children. Not so grand a feast this by any manner of means. There are no raised pies, or spicy meats, or dainty jellies; but there is cake, not so rich perhaps as the cake of the previous day. There is no frosted sugar upon it, or almond paste. The plums it must be admitted are but few and far between, and I don't perceive any citron. But it is pure and white enough, and is doubtless very much more wholesome. Champagne too there is not, but there is tea, brewed with a due regard to nervous temperaments, to be had in abundance. Our company are not very elegantly dressed; they haven't followed out the precepts of *Le Follet*, they don't patronize tulle flounces, or Honiton lace, or wreaths of orange blossom. These young ladies, too, they don't look so well as the other young ladies. Their figures are not so graceful, but then they have no "dress" to "set them off;" their complexions are not so delicate, but then they can't afford Rowland's Kalydor, and (don't deny it, my dears) Kalydor

and crinoline are very great aids to Madam Venus after all. But then, on the other hand, they are ruddy and hearty, and enjoy the blessing of health, and, ah, my poorer brethren, if you have that blessing, you have that for which many a rich man would sell his birthright.

Watch them now, ranged in rows down the long deal tables. Each child has a mug and a hunk of cake, or those that haven't are clamorously demanding them. They manage to do without knives or plates, and as to spoons and saucers they are regarded as quite superfluous. How they eat! how they drink! Hunk after hunk of the cake, mug after mug of the tea disappear before their capacious appetites. It amuses me much to watch the efforts of a little usher to keep them within bounds.

"You musn't have any more—you've had twelve pieces already," cries she to one, and to an unconscionable little swiller, "Oh, you bad boy! that's your twenty-first cup of tea!"

Doubtless the little usher is right and foresees the consequences of a too great gorging. And yet I cannot help wishing that on this occasion at least they may be allowed to stuff and stuff until they give in of themselves out of sheer exhaustion. After tea the schoolmistress regales them with a speech, the first and only one of the evening, and it is to the effect that if anyone misbehaves himself he will be summarily ejected there and then. To conclude, she says, "You know you can behave yourselves if you like, so of course you'll do so."

The conclusion strikes me as somewhat illogical, but it has its effect, for I don't hear of one case of misbehaviour throughout the evening. Unfortunately it is ascertained at the last moment, that a magic lantern which has been engaged is out of repair, and it is agreed therefore to supply its place by a round game. This, owing to the number that are present, is found rather difficult of accomplishment, and the only thing is to divide them

into batches, and to provide each batch with a separate game. Thus in one corner of the room some fifty are set to "Earth, air, and water."

"Now," explains a young lady who officiates as their instructress, "I shall throw this handkerchief at one of you, and as I throw it I shall say 'Earth, air, or water!' If I say 'Earth,' you must mention the name of some animal; if I say, 'Air,' of some bird; if I say 'Water,' of some fish, and in each case before I have time to count ten. If you answer wrong you must pay a forfeit; if right I must continue throwing it to you till you fail. Now, then—'Earth!' cries the young lady, flinging her cambric at random.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—"

"Goat!" shrieks the boy on whom it falls.

"Air," cries the young lady, singling out a blue-eyed little girl in the corner.

"Sparrer," squeaks the little one in reply.

"Water," however, proves a clincher, every one vociferating "Fish" indiscriminately,

instead of specifying the genus piscine that they mean.

In another part of the room, "Oranges and lemons, or the bells of St. Clements," an excellent game, though an abominable rhyme, comes in for a large share of patronage. In another, a game is being played which I never in my life saw played anywhere else. It consists in a ring being formed, in the midst of which stands boy or girl alternately. Those who compose the ring then move slowly round, singing certain verses, at the conclusion of which they stop. And then it is the privilege of the one in the ring to kiss the lady (or gentleman, as the case may be) who happens to be his *vis à vis*. Which is highly immoral, dear Miss Prude, isn't it? And what makes it infinitely worse is that our parish clergyman is here to sanction it!

After this there is a dance or two, a concertina, together with "the voice," serving as the orchestra. When they are thoroughly tired with these exertions it is proposed that

they shall bring the evening to a close with some songs.

Accordingly all take their seats, the girls in front, the boys behind—to present as near a resemblance to the Monday populars as possible. Some of the songs are very sweet and touching—others might be omitted—one in particular is remarkable for possessing two lines only. Thus—

“Merrily, merrily, scythe the corn,
Cheerily, cheerily, greet the morn;
Merrily, merrily, scythe the corn,
Cheerily, cheerily, greet the morn.”

And so on *ad infinitum*. I have often laughed over an absurd doggerel which runs—

“Joe Muggins invited his uncle to dine.
CHORUS—And his uncle invited Joe Muggins to dine.
Joe Muggins invited his uncle to dine.
CHORUS—And his uncle invited Joe Muggins to dine.”

Which you are at liberty to repeat till you are tired. But this is hardly more ludicrous than the other.

Altogether the comic element is the most popular, and every now and then, when op-

portunity serves, some wags in the background come out with—

“I’m a man of nerve, I do declare;”

Or

“I’m off to Charlestown,
Early in the morning;”

in a manner that is spirited and enlivening. These eccentric ditties, however, do not find favour with the authorities, and after the boys have successively demanded whether they haven’t got a nerve, and failing in getting an answer have sent their love to all the pretty yellow girls; the school-mistress rises and puts a *veto* upon anything being sung but what is strictly sentimental.

Another song—of a different order—is accordingly sung—and then another—and then the Evening Hymn. Ere they go, however, the clergyman stands forth and asks for three cheers for the givers of the feast, the bride and bridegroom! Hip-hip-hip! leads the clergyman—Hurr-a-a-ay!!! And then three hundred little voices send up such ringing

cheers—such honest, hearty cheers, as find an echo in the hearts of all, and in none more than those in whose honour they are given.

And gratifying to their feelings as must have been the kind words spoken at yesterday's feast, and treasured up in their memories as they must always be, I cannot but think that the cheers of these poor children will come home to them, just as much and just as surely, and will be had in their remembrance even to the end.

FAIRS AND FAIRING.

THACKERAY has an amusing anecdote somewhere of a precocious young gentleman, who sat next him at dinner, and who professed his repugnance to the tart. Quoth he to his neighbour, "with rather a fatuous air,"—"I never eat sweets."—"Not eat sweets, and do you know why?" says Mr. Thackeray.—"Because I am past that kind of thing," says the young gentleman.—"Because you are a glutton and a sot," was the stinging retort. Whereupon a plate of raspberries and cream disappeared before the philosopher. With due deference to so high an authority, I must frankly and candidly avow that I also do not care for sweets. "Sweets to the sweet" they say, and perhaps it is that there is a little of

the *amari aliquid* in my nature; but, be that as it may, I do not care for sweets. By "sweets," I do not mean necessarily anything that is sweet—such, for instance, as the fruits of the earth, pure and simple; but I do mean those suspicious-looking and highly objectionable compounds which are ordinarily to be had at a confectioner's, but which appear in the greatest quantity and under the most repulsive forms at a country fair.

There are some generous girls of my acquaintance, who are profuse in their offers—I mean, of course, of those deleterious compounds. They entreat me to partake of their "fairing," and bring me a little paper packet containing, let us say, a whity red cube, known as Albert Rock, a mysterious almond which, chameleon-like, changes its colour at every suck, and a few indigestible comfits. "Thank you, my dears, I would really much rather not. It is very kind of you—and I feel it very hard to refuse, but the truth is—I don't like sweets." They look

disappointed, and suggest "a little toffy." Now if there is one specimen of the genus "sweets" which I positively abhor and abominate above all others it is "toffy!" I admit to having eaten some once, which a fair lady had been at some trouble to make, and I remember, though gallantry forbade me to say so at the time, that I didn't recover the effects for a week! Oh! the odious black mess, with its greasy, slimy coils, sticking to your hands, plugging up your teeth, or slobbering down the sides of your mouth. Ugh! I would as lief let Mrs. Squeers dose me with the brimstone-and-treacle dainty of Dotheboy's Hall.

My distaste for fairing, however, does not extend to fairs themselves. I have been a great frequenter of fairs in my time, and I have derived from them no small enjoyment. Fairs at rejoicings, fairs at regattas, fairs at Windsor (yes, Dr. Goodford, I don't mind confessing to the "soft impeachment" now), fairs at Easter, fairs at Michaelmas, fairs at

any available time, in every available spot, and at every available festival, has it been my lot to witness. *Ex uno disce omnes*—let us take one as a sample of the rest, and like the dramatists entirely renouncing all ideas of time and space let us transport ourselves into the very heart and centre of an Easter-fair. Immediately before us you will perceive stalls whereon comestibles of every conceivable nastiness are going—going—going dirt cheap—and they couldn't go like anything more appropriate.

A little further on are to be sold penny trumpets, half-penny rattles and whistles, which are recommended by the vendor as “hadmirible himitations of a bird.” You buy the whistle, and discover that the birds imitated are of the “*raræ aves in terris*” species mentioned in the syntax of your Latin Grammar.

At other stalls are procurable crackers, squibs, and bangups, or combustible pellets which explode upon everything they touch,

with other toys of a similarly interesting and intellectual nature. Others there be to which targets are affixed, and at which, on payment of a penny, you have the especial privilege of shooting for two pennorth of nuts—a game which has this one drawback only—that you invariably lose both your penny and your nuts.

Then there are song-vendors, who yell forth: “Here you air, here you air—five and twenty songs for a’apny—sentimental, comical, or sensational—Far away where Angels dwell—In the Strand, in the Strand—Let me kiss him for his Mother—Old Aunt Sally—So early in the morning—Sweet love arise, and Kiss me quick—Who shall be fairest—Rosalie, the Prairee Flower, or the Perfect Cure—De big white moon am shining, love—and, Hoop de-dooden-do! Only a penny for a’arfa’undred!”

Then there are whirli-go-rounds, wherein, if you have never been to sea, you may experience in five minutes all the sensations incidental

to a voyage—there are nigger melodists, who “wish they were with Nancy,” in voices so abominably cracked and with such a maniacal accompaniment of bones and banjo as to induce one to wish they were, devoutly. There are fortune-tellers, who for a trifling bit of silver will predict for you a million a year, and then there are sharpers, who will wheedle you out of the greatest part of it long before the prediction is fulfilled.

Then there is a pony (who must be own cousin to the learned pig) who possesses an intuitive insight into the peculiarities of anyone whom his master may name and who accordingly singles out married men as “the gentlemen in love” and small boys as “those who are about to become fathers,” in a manner which is diverting to behold.

Here is a booth—with the Union Jack flying above it, and with the word “Royal Waxwork” emblazoned on red calico in front.

“Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk

in," roars the proprietor, "only one penny! the celebrated and original wax-work as patronized by the Queen, the Prince Consort, and all the Royal Family, down to little Prince Arthur, whom God preserve! here you will see wax-figures—modelled the size of life; enacting scenes from the page of history—you will see them in every attitude and in appropriate costume—you will likewise see that by a mechanical effect which was interdoosed especially for me by a learned Perfessor, whose modesty compels him to be nameless, these figures will actually breathe—breathe, I say, just as if they were living—breathe, I repeat, more naterally than if they were living!!!"

The force of fancy can no further go, and with a command to his orchestra to "strike up" he re-enters the tent in order to exhibit the Perfessor's Mechanical Effects to those already assembled.

"This," says our friend, as he uncovers case the first and reveals the figure of a bilious-

looking man seated between two animals who are remarkable for being singularly unlike lions—"this, ladies and gentlemen, is a representation of Daniel in the Lion's Den. Please to observe the fearless attitude with which he regards his ferocious foes. Hark to the terrible roar with which they greet him." He touches a wire at the side, and a dismal sound issuing from the stomachs of the lions is the result.

"Now watch the spring which they make upon their intended victim," and with another touch of the wire the animals make a sort of rocking-horse movement in the direction of Daniel. The Professor's Mechanical Effects having been exhibited with similar success in Tableaus Two and Three bring the first part of the entertainment to a close.

"Only one penny more," says the proprietor, "to see the Chamber of Horrors." The Chamber of Horrors has a sounding title, and there is no one present who is not willing to pay his admission fee over again in order to

see it. "That," says our friend, pointing to the figure of a jolly well whiskered man—"is the immortal Rush; that" to another in black, who looks quite the gentleman; "the no less undying Manning. Them," pointing to the former's inexpressibles "is the trousers in which he was hung—observe the pattern!! They were bought of the executioner at a price which you'd hardly believe, if I was to tell you." This last assertion being probably true he leaves us in our happy ignorance. Mrs. Manning, the wife of the "undying" one—is represented in a rich veil of Honiton lace, likewise Mr. Courvoisier in a plum coloured waistcoat, and Mr. William Palmer in his Sunday best, together with other meritorious individuals whose fame a certain part of posterity seem never inclined to let die.

Opposite the Royal Wax-works stand the "Theatre," a faithful copy of the ever memorable Richardson. The performances here are sensational to a degree, and the plots and counter-plots are so numerous, and in

fact become at the denouement so inexplicably intermixed the one with the other, that it would be impossible to follow them.

There is, I believe, a blood-thirsty baron in highlows who is for ever quarrelling with a virtuous peasant in knee-breeches. The cause of the dispute is a beauteous maiden in chintz, whom the virtuous peasant loves to distraction, and whom the blood-thirsty baron doesn't love but wants to marry. The blood-thirsty baron is triumphant for a time (extending eight minutes perhaps out of the twelve which the play lasts), but is vanquished in the end.

This happy result is attained by means of a Ghost—the ghost of his former bride ; who having an unaccountable habit of bobbing up whenever she is wanted, succeeds in frustrating a variety of murders, including that of the virtuous peasant which the baron is on the point of committing ; and so the curtain falls upon the Discomfiture of the Baron

and the Wedded Happiness of the Peasant and the Maiden!

The next booth affords an entertainment of a more general character. "First and foremost we have to present to your notice the Northumberland Giant and the Cumberland Dwarf — two of the most remarkable phenomena ever seen!! Heigh-teen years of age," says the keeper, alluding to the Giant (who, it should be observed, is a tall slim man a little over six feet and whose hair is gray.) "Hon-ly heigh-teen! The dwarf, Miss Clara De Courcy, was five-and-forty last July as ever wos!" The lady certainly doesn't look half that age; but it seems that, unlike ladies of an ordinary stature, she isn't ambitious of being considered young. These "phenomena" having been sufficiently admired, our friend directs our attention to a cradle, in which lies an unhappy infant with a preternaturally large head.

"Extraordinary dewelopment of the cerebral horgans," he exclaims complacently; "that 'ere's one o' the most wonderful freaks o'Natur' you ever seed—you won't see the like o'that if you travel the country round from John o'Groats to Lands End and back again—and yet wonderful as it is—I've somethin' ere which is more wonderful still."

As he speaks he produces from behind him what at first seems to be a hermetically-sealed pickle jar full of dirty water. On closer inspection we perceive that in this liquid there is floating a most awful monstrosity consisting of two discolored half-formed infants stuck tight together.

"There," says the showman, "there's a walluable curiosity—twins born in that condition as you now be'old them—there an't the like o' that 'ere anyveres. Why, it was only last Toosday that the Royal College o' Surgeons offered me—never mind how many sovs, money down, for that 'ere; but I sent my respecs to the president, and told him,

sorry as I was to disappoint so appreciative a mind, that I wouldn't part with it at no price at all."

This accumulation of horrors is too much, and we emerge again into the open air.

The shades of night are falling fast and with their fall the crowd has considerably lessened. The theatre is closed, the "niggers" have disappeared, the trade at the stalls has grown slack, the orator of the waxworks appeals to unheeding ears. In an hour more the place will be quite deserted, for amusers and amused will alike be locked in the arms of Morpheus.

A PROVINCIAL PANTOMIME.

THE inhabitants of Commercetown may be a very good people (as they ought to be, considering that theirs is a cathedral town, and that nearly every other house is a church), and they may be a very industrious people (as there is no doubt they are), but certain it is that taken in the aggregate their tastes are not dramatic. It is not that they object on principle to public amusements. They will flock in crowds to hear a Madame Basso or a Signor Treblini pour forth unintelligible sonatas from Italian operas; they will spend hours listening to the melodies of a band of Ethiopian Serenaders, or in wondering at the dexterous arts of a Wizard of the North. Mr. Charles Dickens meets, and deservedly meets,

with a warm and enthusiastic reception when he comes down to instruct them in the legal technicalities of Pickwick and Bardell, or to melt their hearts over the beautiful pathos of his "Little Dombey." Nay, what is stranger still, whenever my excellent friend George Duncan volunteers a reading from the Great Bard himself, the very genius of the stage, the immortal Shakespeare, he invariably manages to secure a large and appreciative audience. But the drama, pure and legitimate, meets with a very different fate. Thalia or Melpomene in every-day dress at the lecture-room may find some favour, but directly they assume the mask and buskin, and appear at the foot-lights, they find themselves preaching to an empty house. In my recollection nearly a dozen speculators have successively undertaken the management of the Commercton Theatre, and as successively failed. To say that the pieces are badly chosen, that the acting is below par, and that the actors themselves are of an inferior caste, may have been an excuse

in former days. It is none now. The last gentleman who was venturesome enough to enter upon this hazardous undertaking, combines the two qualities of an enterprising man of business and a versatile and accomplished actor. He has annually expended a considerable sum on the decorations of the house; he gets up his plays with spirit, and is invariably supported by a commendable company. Still, if you turn into the pretty little theatre any night during the season, you will at once be struck by a blighting sense of the desolation which is around. You will perceive that, in addition to a half-filled pit and gallery, the box audience comprises a couple of gentlemen who are really lovers of the drama, one or two more who having nothing to do with themselves do it accordingly in a side-box, and perhaps two or three more who are admitted free in virtue of some ancient right which I could never bring myself thoroughly to comprehend.

Once a year, however, things theatrical

assume a brighter aspect. Once a year—it may be oftener, but I am fearful of committing myself—at genial Christmas time, enterprising Mr. Thespis puts himself to some expense in order to regale the good folks with a Christmas pantomime. In order to start fair he is anxious to secure the bespeak of some great gun at an afternoon performance. Perhaps it is Sir Habeas Corpus, M.P., who is solicited for that honour, or perhaps it is Vavasour Broadlands, Esquire, High Sheriff for the county. The High Sheriff having children of an age which is of all the most enjoyable, seems the choicest of the twain, and he is accordingly selected. The great man consents, and for full a fortnight previous it is announced in blazing letters upon gorgeous bills that on the afternoon of Friday, the First of January, will be presented the admirable, beautiful, comical, delectable, enchanting, facetious, grotesque, and-so-forth-to-the-end-of-the-alphabet pantomime of Jack the Giant Killer, under the immediate patron-

age and 'presence of the High Sheriff of the county.

It is further announced that the hour at which performances commence will be Two, p.m., that carriages (mark the plural number) may be ordered at four precisely. Of course this announcement has its effect, and some time before the eventful day arrives, the box-office is besieged by crowd after crowd of fashionable and well-dressed persons who want to take their seats in advance, until the bewildered check-taker, whose post has hitherto been an undoubted sinecure, begins to think of demanding an increase of salary forthwith. It may be that all this excitement is to be attributed, not to the fact of there being an "Admirable, Beautiful, Comical Pantomime," to be seen, but simply to the fact of its being graced by the High Sheriff's immediate patronage and presence. It may be a little humiliating, this, I admit, but after all, Mr. Thespis, as long as we get what we want

honestly and lawfully, it won't do to take it too much to heart how we get it.

It wants but a quarter to two, and the house is already full. As befits my character of a quiet observer, I take my seat in a distant corner of the left-hand side-box, and therefrom take note of the proceedings. The appearance of the dress circle is really quite exhilarating. In the centre, bland and beaming, and looking serenely conscious of his important position, sits Squire Broadlands, the High Sheriff. A mild-faced, matronly lady at his side is Mrs. High Sheriff, and the three or four ruddy-cheeked little cherubs, who sit under her maternal eye in a state of the most feverish anticipation, are the young High Sheriffs—the eldest boy (who knows?) a future candidate for the Shrievalty, when papa is under the turf. Around—forming a perfect ring of bright satellites round the major planet—are row after row of pretty girls all busily engaged in rustling their playbills, or

smelling their bouquets, or talking soft nonsense to the smart young fellows at their sides. In the pit are a goodly assemblage of the "Baron's retainers, blithe and gay," with their children, while in the gallery two whole charity-schools, admitted gratuitously by the kind-hearted manager, show to considerable advantage. It is a touching sight to see so many children present at a time; how happy and innocent they all look—all, from the squireens in the boxes to the paupers in the galleries—and what little difference, saving their dress, there is between them!

Meanwhile, the orchestra having brought a preparatory tuning to a conclusion (they have been "tuning," in sooth, for a whole week in advance, but it wouldn't do to look as if they had), have, in deference to some earnestly-expressed wishes from the gallery, "struck up" in good earnest, and to a thoroughly original, if slightly erratic, overture, the curtain rises upon scene the first. In this scene, Master Jack (represented by a

lissom, active young lady) appears interchanging some bitter words with his mamma, in consequence, it would appear, of that venerable party's prosaic temperament not duly appreciating his high-souled and more romantic nature. This domestic episode is interrupted by the appearance of an old beggar, who humbly sues a crust of bread. Jack's mother, with a due regard to the household economy, pleads her own poverty, and her inability to meet such pressing demands, &c. Jack, more generous, offers the poor creature his own breakfast, who, at Jack's particularly-expressed desire to behold a fairy, casts off her disguise, and causes him to "behold one" in herself. And a remarkably pretty one, too, as not only your humble servant, but boxes, pit, and gallery testify in one tremendous round of applause. Having obtained a magic sword, a magic cap, and a blessing at the hands of this enchanting creature, Jack sallies forth in search of adventure. He is not long in finding it. In

the mountains of Wales there dwells a terrible giant, who is the scourge of the country for miles round, and whom it will be Jack's especial pleasure to exterminate from the face of the earth. We are introduced to this unhappy country in scene the third, where, it would appear, the peasants are in the habit of performing an eccentric dance round a maypole, the sole aim and object of which seems to be the due entanglement of the ribbons which dangle from the top. It is under the especial sanction of their king, who appears in the foreground as a red-nosed caricature of the Round Tabled and Tennysonian Arthur. King Arthur enters into familiar colloquy with his "knights," however, and, indeed, what with the back-handers, and digs in the stomach, with which he intersperses his remarks, affords to the rising generation a pleasing idea of the intimate relations which existed in the good old times between a monarch and his subjects.

The conversation turns, of course, on the

terrible giant, each individual having some especial grievance to lay at his door. One in particular having suggested that, not content with devastating their flocks, he had even taken to abducting their wives, meets from another the retort that "that might do some good, for though he hadn't stolen his, *he wish he would!*" a sally which, of course, brings down the house.

Everyone, however, is seized with the panic, and it is not until the arrival of Master Jack that tranquillity is restored. That young gentleman having solved an arithmetical problem about a herring and a-half, to the entire satisfaction of the king and court, is forthwith invested with the order of the garter, and full power to waylay, draw, and quarter the giant, *if he can*. At this moment a mighty roar is heard—the court fly off in trepidation, and enter an awful monster—ten feet high at least, with monstrous face and feet, but with an uncommonly weak voice—for a giant. It is quite strong enough, how-

ever, for the little children, who cower back with a look of terror as he tramps across the stage, and growls forth mysterious hints of smelling Englishmen's breath and of pounding their bones to make his bread. Still more terrified are they when he actually drags a screaming female to the front, and then and there, with fearful threats, declares his hopeless passion. His doom is fast approaching, however.

Scene the next reveals to us a room in his castle, where, upon a colossal table, are laid out colossal knives and forks, and a colossal pie—a human pie, who knows—deliciously spiced for the Titan's supper. It reveals likewise a half-starved menial of the giant's, who takes advantage of his master's absence to relate his woes, which consist chiefly in being kept on the starvation system, in a song, each verse of which terminates in a ghastly Tiddledyoodle—UM! sort of chorus, which sends a palpable shudder through every frame. Into this pandemonium the giant brings his

luckless victim, but notwithstanding all the soft speeches he pours into her ear, and tender bits he places in her mouth, he fails to make the slightest impression.

At this crisis enters Jack, who, with a deceit which is pardonable, entreats Mr. Polypheme's hospitality. That worthy, smacking his lips, and surveying Jack with the eye of an epicure, consents, and returns to his supper. After supper, Master Jack, having first reassured the poor girl of his intentions, creeps into bed, not as Hamlet would have said—"To sleep, perchance to dream!" but to watch for an opportunity of escape. The opportunity soon arrives, while Polypheme is snoring, and the fugitives are not slow to take advantage of it. Unluckily, however, the cook—a flame of our half-starved friend, both of whom have also resolved on flight—has contracted an awkward habit of dropping her pattens, her basket, and her umbrella, the combined effects of which arouse the giant from his torpor. Things look glum enough

now; but, nothing daunted, Jack unsheaths his sword, and after a terrible encounter, in which he is vastly assisted by the umbrella of the cook, succeeds like a second David in laying the mighty Goliath prostrate on the ground. Everything being thus satisfactorily settled, the fairy—who, like a policeman, isn't to be found until the row is over—suddenly appears, and transforms us to the Halls of Dazzling Delight—where, amid a blaze of red fire, and a whirl of revolving wheels, young ladies in gauze stand, in attitudes which, for their own personal comfort, it is hoped are not permanent in the Dazzling Halls.

And then begins the harlequinade—Jack, of course, becomes harlequin—the giant, who talks for several minutes after he is dead, revives sufficiently to walk off L, and give place to the clown.

“Here we are again, how are you to-morrow?”

Slap-bang—holloa, Joey, is that you? or somebody else?

Slap-bang — harlequin hits clown — clown thinks it was pantaloon, and retaliates, with interest. But old Joey is of a forgiving nature, and makes it up again. And then, all joining hands, go round and round, and round, at a rate which makes one giddy to look at. And then in good earnest begins the fun. The fun may be rather stale, perhaps—the jokes not remarkable for novelty, but what of that? It is honest, hearty fun, and it makes the children laugh, and gladdens more than one young heart, and there is something in being able to do that after all. There is a baby (of rags), which the pantaloon throws into a dust-bin, while the clown kisses its nurse. There is an unhappy shopkeeper, who is always being invited outside his shop on the most frivolous pretences, and who is always vowing vengeance, which he never executes. There is a fop, who is

shaved, and a policeman, who is bonneted. There is an old maid, who is hustled, and a "green" who is cheated. There are wonderful riots, and street rows innumerable, until a general scrimmage, in which sausages, babies, bricks, carrots, fish, brooms, and, in fact, anything that comes handy, flying about in chaotic confusion, play a conspicuous part, bring us triumphantly to the Golden Glories of the sparkling waters.

And so, amid a perfect hurricane of applause, the pantomime comes to an end. And as "God save the Queen" strikes up, and the crowd disperse, we may gather from the general remarks that it has been by no means unfavourably received.

"Not at all badly got up," observes Squire Broadlands, as he emerges into the open air.

"Not at all," rejoins a friend, and there are others who echo his sentiments.

Let us hope that the favourable opinion which they have formed may induce them to pay it a second visit. At any rate, let us

rejoice that the result of the day's entertainment has been to give the worthy manager, what he so well deserves, a balance at his bankers.

ARCADES AMBO.

INDEED, I beg your pardon, I am very sorry, but like Miss Lydia Thompson in the play, "I really couldn't help it!" I am conscious of having perpetrated an abominable and an execrable pun, and I hereto breathe a solemn vow that I will be more careful for the future. For be it known to you—oh, much outraged and indignant reader—that this paper has nothing to do with things either pastoral or poetical, it is not intended as a learned panegyric on the Eclogues of Virgil, or the Bucolics of Theocritus; it has no connection whatever with buxom Chloes in wide-flapping hats and high-heeled shoes, with looped-up petticoats, and episcopal crooks, with curly-headed ploughboys, who whistle o'er the lea, and

tootle on the flute, with absurdly white lambkins begirt in blue neckties and tinkling bells. It is simply a little gossip on a couple of metropolitan thoroughfares — on both the arcades, in short — Arcades Ambo (ah ! wretched punster that I am !), the Lowther and the Burlington.

The arcades, I maintain, are peculiar to London, as peculiar to London as its statues or its cabmen. There are certain attempts of the same to be met with in Paris, and for that matter the Rue de Rivoli may be regarded as one gigantic arcade, with one side omitted. There is one, to the best of my recollection, to be groped for amid the smoke of Bristol, and at Boulogne, over the water, there is a feeble pretence, a miserable abortion of an arcade, which is positively beneath contempt. It is not that our London arcades are respectively from 200 to 245 feet in length, and 35 in breadth ; there may be others, for aught I know to the contrary, which may be just as high and just as broad. And yet, I shall

assert without fear of contradiction that it is in London alone, and in the regions about Piccadilly and the Strand, that the genus arcade is to be seen to perfection.

Such wares that are sold there. Wares that couldn't possibly be found anywhere else—fragile, fantastic, gorgeous, glittering, and somewhat unusable wares. Totally different from anything in the streets—utterly dissimilar to anything at the bazaars. Most of them are imported from France and Germany, I am told. I am not so sure of that. I have stared at the shops in the Palais Royal, and meandered among the itinerant marchands at the Baths of Bigorre. I have lounged about the promenades of both the Badens, and pottered over those wonderful shops of Frankfort on the Maine, city of Jews and of staghorn brooches. Yet never saw I the likes—never have these eyes detected a trace of the foreign importation.

“A sublimate of superfluities,” exclaims Mr. Sala, writing of the Burlington in one of

his amusing essays. Perhaps so. Let us proceed to examine into the justice of the charge "Marriage," sings an old poet—

"Marriage, rightly understood,
Is to the virtuous and the good
A paradise on earth."

But no marriage can be considered to be "rightly understood" unless it is inaugurated by a number of wedding presents. It has long been a custom with the friends of a "happy pair" to present them with some token of their regard and affection. But there has always been a great difficulty in deciding as to the nature of the gift. "Volo non valeo," the motto of the Earl of Carlisle, has been the motto also of the intending donor. I want to give something, but I don't know what. Aware of this fact an enterprising tradesman has amassed together a number of articles, and has ticketed them together under the title of wedding presents.

The extreme suitability of all of them will, I am sure, be obvious at a glance. To begin

with, I find some ivory tablets ! on which, of course, the happy Benedict may note down the adventures of his honeymoon ; or, treating the matter from a more practical point of view, the lovely Beatrice may construct imaginary sums by way of initiating herself into the mysteries of housekeeping. Scotch plaid needlecases, which, by a delicate inference, will suggest to Beatrice the possibility of a missing button from the shirt of her Benedict, and the necessity of replacing it forthwith. A needle-threader — a remarkable invention—which will save the lovely Beatrice from the loss of both time and temper. An ivory foot-rule, at two-and-six, which being eminently useful to the bachelor will be equally adapted to the Benedict—and a lucifer match-box at three-and-six, with the contents of which the happy pair can strike the light that shows them to their nuptial bed.

A little further on is a jeweller's shop. In this will be observed brooches—the designs

of which are curiously unique — over-ripe grapes, whity-brown doves soaring aloft in an æther of pink, comical birds with ridiculously long necks, supposed to be swans—*raræ aves in terris nigrisque dissimilæ cygnis*. The plate properly so called, affords a goodly show. The ingenuity of the manufacturer has been taxed to its utmost. He has discovered that the prandial civilization of the age requires something more than the ordinary knives, forks, spoons, &c., to which we have been accustomed, and accordingly presents to our notice two other instruments of torture designed respectively as a “pickle-fork,” and “crumb-scoop.”

A step or so beyond, and we come to a milliner's. In her windows flaunt almost everything that pertains to the feminine wardrobe. Ladies' hats, pork-pie, wide-awake, mushroom, Spanish—whatever may be the prevailing caprice of that august lady who presides over the millinery department of the French empire. Bonnets, too—light

and gossamer—or weighty with flowers and with fruit ; bonnets to be worn off the head, or over the face, according as the “ deformed thief, Fashion” wills—mouchoirs, which are of no practical use whatever, and sashes which are seemingly of less—dainty little gloves for riding in, for driving in, or (*c’est possible*) for “showing off” the dainty little hands which they contain. There are a few more articles of ladies’ dress, which perhaps I had better not mention.

“Certainly not, sir,” whispers the voice of a phantom female.

May be, I ought not to reveal the fact that *stockings* and—

“Will you hold your tongue, sir!!”

Let us pass on to the next shop. This is a stationer’s, whose stock-in-trade, to judge from a stray engraving or two from a bygone annual, appears once to have been in legitimate art, but who has succumbed to the influence of photography, and whose window is radiant

with the cartes-de-visite of our popular favourites. Royalty, theology, and the drama come under his especial patronage, and the delightful disarrangement with which, by a slight stretch of the imagination, their several representatives may be grouped together, will afford a spectacle which is highly amusing. Thus—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales appears, with a charming condescension, side by side with the illustrious Leotard, ready girt for the trapèze. Stella Colas looks sentimentally down from a balcony upon the venerable pate of the Bishop of Exeter, who however turns his back on her and looks uncommonly grim under the operation. Miss Lydia Thompson—attired as a sailor—is shooting one of her brightest glances at his lordship of Oxon, which he, judging by the ever present smile upon his mouth, seems by no means disposed to resent; while the flirtation which appears to have been going on between kindly-fea-

tured Archdeacon Denison and Miss Adelina Patti, of the R. I. O., has reached a pass which is positively desperate.

But of all the wares vendable at the Arcades the most attractive are undoubtedly the toys. Perhaps it is through old associations—perhaps it is that they remind us of our childhood—

Scenes of our childhood, whose loved recollection
Embitters the present, compared with the past—

and the days when we delighted in toys ourselves.

Most of us have played with toys in our time. Some of us never leave off playing with them. We blow our bubbles, and shake our rattles, and wear our baby-masks, till the sands run down, and our prime is past, and it is too late to “put away childish things.” Toys, like everything else, have undergone a great change. They are more elaborately made, more scientifically constructed than they were. Drums and trum-

pets, shields and swords, guns—the extent of whose “charge” was a dried pea, and whose triggers were constructed on principles which set Mr. Busk “on the rifles” at defiance—these are here in abundance. But in addition thereto, I take note of a pistol which is to be loaded with a real amorce of gunpowder—to the damage of nobody in truth, but to the total destruction of an old maid’s nerve. I note, too, another interesting and instructive toy. It represents a French school, in the middle of which figures Mons. le Curé, stick in hand (by the way, I thought that corporal punishment had been abandoned by the Gallic pedagogues), while the scholars cower tremblingly around him. Such a spectacle of scholastic discipline cannot fail to have a most salutary effect. I shall purchase that toy for master Tom, next time he misbehaves himself.

But in the matter of toys, I think the Lowther bears the palm. Therein I recognize my old friends the nine-pins—dignified, for-

sooth, by the name of "skittles." I renew acquaintance also with my Noah's Ark, the four patriarchs and their wives attired as of yore, in the primitive costume of Jim Crow hats and flannel dressing-gowns. I revisit my farm, which only cost ninepence to begin with, and, unlike those in which I have since become interested, was never known to be out of repair. My regiment too is here, with their under-standings terminating to a man in one gigantic clubfoot, a deformity which one would have thought would have effectually prevented their admission into the army. My fiery charger also, with his scarlet nose and luxuriant tail, and with his saddle nailed remorselessly into his back, and my horrible flagellum wherewith to urge him on; a seemingly unnecessary weapon, since he is already in a most alarming state of canter.

For the gentler sex in ringlets and frilled trousers, there are dolls in profusion. Dolls blue-eyed and black-eyed—dolls dark-haired and flaxen-haired, dolls with waxen necks and

trunks of bran and extremities of wood; and remarkable dolls, whom the proprietor recommends as possessing such valuable attributes as “real hair!” and “moving eyes!”

Having brought our examination to a close, let us revert to our original proposition. Ought either of the Arcades to be regarded as a “Sublimate of superfluities?” Not for the children! Oh! no! I am sure that Mr. Sala does not mean that. Nothing that can give a young child rational and innocent enjoyment can be superfluous. To that dictum will I stick in the face of every Pipchin and Murdstone in the universe. To that dictum will I stick in spite of all the old spinsters who, having no children of their own, think to revenge themselves upon Nature by bullying other people’s. But for the adults? *Peût-être*—it may be. That portly matron, for instance, what can she want, at her time of life, with a whole pheasant on the top of her hat? That young man with the rubicund nose and the velveteen coat,

what does he want with the shilling paste-pin which he has got stuck so ostentatiously into his neckerchief? We know there was a little boy once who cried for the moon. Not that the moon would have been of the slightest use to him when he had got it. It is in human nature to want a great deal more than we need, to desire what is vain and unprofitable, and it is for the supplying of this want of human nature that the Arcades are designed.

ONLY A POOR PLAYER.

THERE are few spots in all this memory-haunted London so fraught with pleasant associations as the centre house of the Adelphi Terrace. The Adelphi Terrace is not by any means a desirable locality; its look-out is gloomy and unattractive, embracing a full view of the unsavoury Thames, the penny steamboats, and the Waterloo Bridge Station; its houses are yellow and dingy, and altogether devoid of architectural beauty; its inhabitants are composed of such prosaic and practical people as surveyors and civil-engineers. And yet if walls had tongues (and as they are proverbially supposed to have ears, I see no reason why they should be bereft of the other organ), they would re-

veal the reason of my attachment to this unprepossessing locality, for they would say that this was the residence of David Garrick.

David Garrick proved himself a votary of Thespis at a very early age. In vain was he set to study classics under Johnson, and mathematics under Colson; his passion for the drama engrossed the whole of his attention. When his masters expected a copy of *Tambics* or a demonstration of the "Asses Bridge," he would show them a comedy which he had composed in their stead. He had the first opportunity of gratifying his passion at Ipswich. The part that he played was that of Oboan in "*Oronooko*." He was so favourably received on this occasion that he resolved to try his fortunes in London.

Party spirit ran very high just then, and managers were not so ready to encourage rising talent as they are now-a-days. Consequently the young aspirant was fain to make his debut at a minor theatre, then situate in Goodman's Fields. The part which

he selected was that of Richard III., chosen, it is understood, because of its suitability to his stature. He was greeted at first by but a very "limited audience," but ere he had been there six nights his success became unequivocal. Crowds flocked from all parts to hear him. Goodman's fields was filled with the splendor of the West End; aristocratic carriages blocked up the road between Temple Bar and Whitechapel; the houses of Drury Lane and Covent Gardens were completely deserted; Garrick had become, in fact, the "sensation" of the day. The secret of this success lay in the thoroughly natural style of his acting. He borrowed all his lessons from nature. The public had been long accustomed to players who, as Hamlet says, "neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christians, pagan, nor mussulmen, have so strutted and bellowed I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably." He

disdained to resort any such artifices. His style was easy and familiar, yet thoroughly forcible. He "suited the action to the word, the word to the action." He seemed to be, rather than to act, the character which he personated. So true to the life were his representations that it is recorded that on one occasion when he was playing King Lear, one of the soldiers who stood on the stage blubbered like a child.* Another instance of this is to be found in a scene which occurred at a hotel in Paris during his stay in that city. At this hotel Mr. Garrick was induced to relate and exhibit by action a certain fact of which he had just been an eye witness.

"A father," he said, "was engaged in fondling his child at the window; as he was thus engaged the child sprang from the father's arms, fell upon the ground, and died on the spot." Whereupon he threw himself

* A Book for a Rainy Day, by J. T. Smith, Author of "Nollekens and his Times." London: Bentley, New Burlington, Street.

into the attitude in which the father appeared the moment the child sprang from his arms. The effect of this representation was perfectly magical. Every one was in tears, and Madme. Clarion, a French actress of considerable repute, with the impulsive spirit which characterizes her nation, rushed over to Mr. Garrick and kissed him, at the same time apologising to Mrs. Garrick, and saying that it was an involuntary mark of her applause.

His fame spread so rapidly that a deputation was sent expressly from Dublin to invite him to act there during the summer season. The enthusiastic reception which he met with from the warm-hearted natives exceeded all his anticipations. The theatre was nightly crowded with persons of rank and fashion, and this, too, at a time when the heat was intense. So intense, that ere long an epidemic distemper arose, and carried off large numbers of the audience, which was in consequence nick-named the "Garrick fever." In the en-

suing year he was engaged by Mr. Fleetwood, of the T. D. R. It was about this time that he first gave proof of the versatility of his genius. Tragedy, comedy, or farce seemed equally easy to him. All alike were open to his imitation, and all alike did honour to his execution. One night he was the aged Lear, abandoned by his children; on another the youthful Hamlet, tracking out the murderers of his father; on one night he was the love-sick Romeo, and on another the happy Benedict. On some occasions, after calling down the loudest applause in the tragedy by his powerful rendering of the deepest passions, he would re-appear as a dancing harlequin in the pantomime.

This versatility, however, cost him dear anon, and was the means of his losing a wealthy wife. It appears that a young lady of great beauty and fortune having witnessed his performance of the gay Lothario, was so smitten with him that she sent him by deputy an offer of her hand and—portion. The

deputy promised to call again in a fortnight and fix a day of meeting. The appointed day arrived, but no lady appeared. Some time after he met her in the street and demanded the reason of this delay.

“Oh, dear!” said she, “it is all over; the young lady has seen you play Abel Drugger, and her love is all gone.”

At the conclusion of his term at Drury Lane he entered into a three years' partnership with Sheridan, the manager of Smock-Alley Theatre, Dublin, and then returned to fulfil a short engagement with Rich, of Covent Garden. At this theatre he acted in company with his former rival, Quin. The pieces were so judiciously arranged that they might appear together to advantage, and in some cases where this was impracticable they were to appear on alternate nights. When it became known that both these great actors were on the boards together the house was nightly filled. In fact such was the success of Mr. Rich's speculation that the

profits arising from the plays in eight months (Sept., 1746, to May, 1747), amounted to nearly £9,000. This was Garrick's last appearance as a hired actor. Lacy, the rival manager at Drury Lane, perceiving how great were his attractions, determined on securing his services himself. With this view he offered him the moiety of the Drury Lane patent, which had just been renewed. Garrick was much pleased with the offer, and in April, 1747, the agreement was drawn up to the satisfaction of both. In his managerial capacity Garrick instituted many important reforms. He revised several of Shakspeare's plays, only nine of which were then in possession of the stage. Among these was *Romeo and Juliet*—which had been neglected for upwards of eighty years; and which—fortunately for the fame of *Stella Colas*—he now completely resuscitated.

But there was a still greater evil which he had to encounter. It had been the

custom for many years to admit noblemen behind the scenes during the performance, and this privilege had been so shamefully abused that they were now to be seen not only behind the scenes, but on the stage and mingling with the performers, so that at last one could hardly tell the represented Marquis from the real one. Baron, indeed, to shame the people out of this idle custom, was wont to turn his back upon the pit and play to the audience on the stage. On one occasion while Garrick was acting the part of King Lear, at Dublin, with pretty Peg Woffington as Cordelia, a young man rushed from behind the scenes upon the stage and threw his arms around her waist. Such an outrage to common decency could not escape the great actor's notice, and as soon as he became a manager himself he took care that few but the performers should be allowed to visit behind the scenes of his "house."

In 1763, a certain Miss Brent having at-

tracted the people to the rival theatre on the strength of her voice, legitimate tragedy had for a time to succumb to opera.

Garrick embraced this opportunity of taking a trip to Italy, a journey which he had often meditated. On his return from abroad he abandoned acting for awhile, and betook himself to authorship. It was then that he produced many of his best, and most brilliant pieces—as instances of which *Cymon*, *The Christmas Tale*, and *Bon Ton* may be fairly cited.

In 1769, he took part in the Stratford Jubilee, a pageant produced in honour of Shakspeare.

The entertainment was conducted on the grandest scale—many persons of the highest rank, the most celebrated beauties and the most distinguished geniuses thinking themselves happy to be present and to hear the ode which Mr. Garrick had composed on the occasion.

In 1776—being then in the sixtieth year

of his age, and having for some time past been the victim of a dreadful disease, he announced his intention of quitting the stage.

The piece which he selected for his final appearance was entitled "The Wonder—a Woman keeps a Secret."

When it was concluded he advanced towards the audience to address them for the last time.

The scene in the theatre is described as having been most affecting—there was not a dry eye to be seen. His own emotion was very great, and he was unable to proceed with his speech till relieved by a flood of tears.

After a life of hard work spent in the service of a noble Art, he might naturally have looked forward to an old age of ease and affluence. But it was not to be.

In Christmas, 1778, while enjoying the pleasures of a rural retirement under the hospitable roof of Lord Spencer, he was seized with a sudden attack of his old complaint.

He hurried back to London, and sent for his doctors—but they saw at once that it was too late—and that there was no hope.

Many physicians attended on him without any desire of reward and solely from a desire to give him relief and prolong a life so valuable to the public, so dear to all who knew and loved him.

When Dr. Schomby approached, Garrick with a placid smile upon his countenance took his hand saying, “Though last, not least in love.”

He died on the twentieth of January, 1777, and was buried at Westminster Abbey, under the monument of his beloved Shakspeare.

It must not be thought that there were no thorns in the cushion—no hyssop in the cup of David Garrick. Like most men, and especially men who are successful, he had his full share of envy, malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness to live down. He found little favour to begin with, from Royalty. The foolish old king who couldn't see the fun of

Hogarth's "March to Finchley," and who didn't care for "boetry and bainting," regarded the sister art with still greater abhorrence. He couldn't conceive, he said, that a man capable of acting the crookback monster Richard the Third could be an honest man!!

Foote, the buffoon, was so addicted to satire and raillery, sparing neither friends nor foes, neither father, mother, body, soul, nor muse, in his unceasing ridicule, that one can hardly wonder at so public a man as Garrick coming in for his share. Yet when one considers that they met each other every day on terms of the greatest intimacy, that they dined in each other's society, that they visited at each other's house, one cannot but feel that the jests in which the wit indulged at the expense of his friend were highly indecorous and improper. And yet Garrick returned this ungenerous conduct by every act of kindness and friendship. When there was a talk of suppressing his puppet show, Garrick exerted all his interest to prevent it, and again when

he laboured under a charge of the vilest nature, Garrick was one of the first to avow his belief in his innocence.

Even Churchill, the bosom friend of Jack Wilkes, who in his stinging *Rosciad* had attacked every actor of note, except Garrick—took care in his “Apology” to insert some bitter lines on the great tragedian himself. The cause of this was to be attributed to his having looked coldly on his panegyrist, for, to his honor be it said, he scorned to have a “Colossus raised to him on the broken statues of his cotemporaries.”

But it was from the rejected candidates for histrionic honours, from the incompetent dramatists, composers of tragedy, comedy, or farce, that the unhappy manager received the foulest blows. There was Mr. James Ralph who after much importunity had prevailed on Garrick to act his play of “the Astrologer.” The play was brought out and unequivocally damned.

Garrick endeavoured to dissuade him from

devoting his time to a branch of literature for which he was wholly unfit and at the same time generously obtained for him a pension of £200. In return for which kindness Mr. Ralph wrote a portly pamphlet teeming with abuse of his benefactor.

Then there was Mr. Shirley, who waxed exceeding wroth because Garrick had advised him to let his tragedy of "Electra" be acted in the summer instead of the winter season. Soon afterwards there appeared a terrible tract yclept "Hecate's Prophecy"—in which Garrick was charged with encouraging pantomimes and farces to the neglect of the legitimate drama; an accusation which was utterly unjust and untrue.

Ere very long, it is recorded, they were reconciled to each other, but solely through Garrick's good nature.

The motives which induced Dr. Hifferran to concoct a foul slander, as devoid of wit as of truth against the peace and happiness of the prosperous manager, have ever been

buried in obscurity. Some say that he was offended because Garrick had only given him a guinea in aid of certain lectures which he purposed delivering (and never delivered); others, that he was enraged both with this gentleman, and Mr. Rich, for rejecting his piece, "The Wishes of a Free People,"—a piece "without plan, without poetry, or any tolerable language to attract the attention of the reader"—which, when acted, was universally condemned. Be the motives, however, what they may, the slander had such an effect on the unhappy victim that he was fain to hush it up, and buy off the slanderer.

One can hardly conceive a man like Tobias Smollett descending to such pitiful ebullitions of wounded vanity. Yet, in "Roderic Random," will be found severe strictures on both Garrick and Quin, because they had rejected a crude play of his, written in early youth, and entitled "The Regicide." Notwithstanding this, he had no sooner published

his famous comedy of "The Tars," than Garrick, oblivious to his attacks, accepted it, and brought it out in a most liberal manner. Smollett was so struck with the manager's kindness, that he could not rest until he had atoned for his own injustice, and accordingly, in the preface to his edition of "The Winter's Tale," he stated that, "he thought it his duty to make public atonement in a work of truth, for the wrongs he had done him in a work of fiction."

Unfortunately the great actor was of a very sensitive nature; a false report would alarm him greatly, a spiteful letter, an ungenerous review, a scurrilous pamphlet, would affect him for many days afterwards. He lent a ready ear to every idle tale that was brought to him; he never took thought of the wilfulness of gossips, of the worthlessness of scandal-mongers. He never reflected with the witty old Dean of St. Patrick's that "it is the worthiest people who are the most

assailed by slander, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at."

But it is not of his faults that I would speak. In comparison with his virtues, they are but as drops in the ocean. Above all, we must remember that he had that quality which the apostle assures us will cover a multitude of sins—he was profusely generous and charitable to the poor. He was once asked to give a trifle to a poor widow. He enquired how much he should give. His petitioner suggested a couple of guineas. "No," said Garrick, "I will not," and immediately presented him with a bank note of £30. On another occasion, a gentleman of fashion borrowed of him £500, for which sum he gave his note of hand. Through misfortune, the gentleman's affairs became greatly embarrassed; his friends thereupon determined to satisfy his creditors at once, and free him from debt. Garrick, on hearing of this, instead of putting in his claim, sent

him a £500 note, at the same time desiring he would consign the note he had in his possession, to the flames. While sojourning in Venice, he fell in with a poor English artist, whose desire it was to get a sight of the paintings and sculptures of the Eternal City, but who wanted the wherewithal to make the journey. Garrick assured him he need not distress himself, and forthwith advanced him £50. It was his annual custom, on May day, to invite all the poor children of Hampton into his garden, where he feasted them royally, and then sent them home with heavier purses and with lighter hearts than they had ever known before.

In addition to these private acts of benevolence, it must ever be remembered that it was Garrick who founded and supported both by his talents and his wealth, the "Drury Lane Play House Fund for the relief of decayed actors"—the precursor, I believe, of the noble institution which now exists under the name of the Theatrical Fund. To

this fund he gave a house in Drury Lane, and having afterwards bought it back again, he generously bequeathed the purchase money to the fund. It is computed that by his acting, and by donations combined, he was a benefactor to this admirable institution of a capital of near £4,500 sterling. If one wanted the testimony of contemporaries to the excellence of this great and good man, one might find it in the glowing eloquence of Sheridan, or the brilliant verse of Churchill; but let us take it rather from the rough, bearish, but withal, kindly-hearted Dr. Samuel Johnson. Bozzy had one day smirkingly suggested "Garrick is a very good man, a charitable man." "Sir!" thundered the doctor, "Garrick is a liberal man; he has given away more money than any man in England;" and, of his acting—"Garrick, sir, has advanced the dignity of his profession; he has made the player a higher character."

It is a queer contrast: this great, good man—so pure of heart—so free from guile—so

honest of intent—so faithful to his friends—so generous to his foes—so neglectful of self—so ready to promote the happiness of others—and his contemporary—that foppish fribble—Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield!

Philip Stanhope wrote a book of letters to his bastard son—a book which honest old Johnson stigmatized as “inculcating the morals of a loose woman with the manners of a dancing master.” Philip Stanhope was too grand a man to take notice of David Garrick. When he waited upon him on the night of his benefit, we are told that he did not even return his salute! But then, Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, had been High Steward of the Household, Knight of the Garter, and was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland! And David Garrick was “only a poor player.”

AN ARTFUL DODGER.

DID you ever hear of Major Clancie? I think not. You won't find his name in the Army List of this year, or any other year that I am aware of. He never held a commission (though he was frequently being "committed"), and though he was often seen in court, it was never at a court martial. In short, Major Clancie wasn't a major at all—he wasn't a soldier at all—he was simply about the most consummate swindler that ever trod the face of the earth. It would be a pity in an age which has produced such eminent professors of the art as Sir John Dean Paul, as Messrs. Robson and Redpath, or as William Roupell, that the career of so great a master as the Major should be wholly forgotten, and more

especially when we consider that his biography was “undertaken” some two centuries since, at the “express command” and under the especial patronage of the distinguished Countess of Marlborough.

For the main facts of the Major’s “strange, eventful history,” I am indebted to a curious old book, which is dated 1680, and is thus intituled—

The
L I F E
and
D E A T H
of
Major Clancie,
The Grandest Cheat
of this
Age,
Wherein

Is set forth many of his Villanous Projects (Real matter of Fact), both in England, Ireland, France, Spain, and Italy.

“The reading of which,” the biographer assures us “will give the reader great satisfaction.” In the hope that they may also give my readers great satisfaction, I shall proceed to make a summary of the most diverting of

these adventures, at the same time adding with our author in his preface, "if it please, I have my wish, if not, I can but be sorry that what was so well intended should have so ill success. It is impossible to please all, and, therefore, I content myself if I am so fortunate as to please any."

When we are first introduced to our hero he is serving as a page to one Monsieur Monery, a French gentleman, on a visit to Ireland. Young Clancie accompanied his master back to Paris, and there became so great a favourite that Monsieur "could not conceal from his friends how precious a jewel he had in his boy, and that there was not a thing in the world he could not trust him with." By and bye Mons. Monery had occasion to travel and the precious jewel was left in charge of his house and chattels. Now Clancie, we are told, very diligently came to discharge his trust by airing the clothes, &c., and sometimes "fingering the money," but only, we are as-

sured, to wonder at the greatness of the sum which had been left in his keeping.

One day, however—a bright sunshiny day it was—the temptation proved too strong for him. While engaged in his usual business of brushing and airing his master's clothes, it comes into his head to try on a suit just to see how they became him. On surveying himself in the glass, he was so startled that he hardly knew “who that was in such a habit.” A moment's reflection convinces him that it is no other than Master Clancie, and a moment more, what a lucky dog he would be to possess all this finery. How to effect this? He has it. He will tell the people of the house to remove the boxes to his master's country house, “where he is commanded to wait his coming.”

The people believing that such was the case, for of course the precious jewel would not lie, help him to pack up, provide him with carts, and see him out of compliment half-way upon

his journey. And then, no sooner are their backs turned than Master Clancie "steers his course another way," makes for the sea-side, and embarks on board a ship that is bound for Wexford.

At Wexford he was received with great state, "the show he made by his equipage and the liberality with which he dispensed (his master's) money among the sailors having won him golden opinions, and convinced them that he must be a great man." At Wexford he became quite the lion, his society was everywhere courted, his discourse very taking, "especially among the ladies and the better sort." He had not been here long before a certain Earl of Crafford, a Scotch nobleman, arrived from Spain. The Wexfordians anxious to do him honour, entreat *Major* Clancie (as he appears now to have dubbed himself) to "countenance them in this interest." The Major would desire nothing better, and acted as their spokesman so satisfactorily that they "looked on it as an addition to the many

former favours he had conferred upon them." My lord is much pleased with his reception, and is especially delighted with Major Clancie whom he invites next day to a magnificent banquet. At this banquet he falls in with a Mr. Cheevers, whose delight in the Major's conversation is, like that of every one else with whom he had come into contact, unbounded.

To Mr. Cheevers' house he is invited forthwith. Here, however, it is observed by the other guests that the major is paying very marked attentions to Miss Katherine, the eldest daughter of his host. Mr. Cheevers, getting scent of this, determines to sound her on the point, and—like the rich merchant in "Villikins"—has an interview with her in the garden. Some words pass between them, and the scene closes on the fond parent admonishing his daughter to beware, lest she fall into the hands of one who might prove "a counterfeit."

This polite inuendo on the character of her

lover the dutiful daughter immediately conveys to him. The major fires up tremendously, talks of wounded honour, base aspersions, reparation, and the like, until softened down a little by the tears and entreaties of his mistress. Meanwhile he bethinks himself of a safer mode of vindicating his outraged honour. At dinner he is observed to be less talkative than usual, whereupon the company entreat to know the reason. Mr. Cheevers in particular is most anxious to learn the cause of his guest's depression. Then the Major turns upon him, and accuses him point blank of calling him a "counterfeit," threatening to quit his roof at once, as "after such an affront he could think no better of himself than a Bedlam if he were to stay." That night he returned to Wexford in company with his friend, Lord Crafford.

The major, finding that suspicion is aroused, and dreading lest other discoveries should be made, bethinks himself of some method of escape. Accordingly, he entreats the favour

of his friend Lord Crafford's company to dinner, on which occasion he will give him proof positive that he is no counterfeit, as has been vainly imagined, but the true son of his father. Ere dinner is served the major dispatches his servant to Ross with all his luggage "where he is commanded to take lodgings and await his master's coming."

After dinner dice-boxes are brought, and the major calls for his servant to bring him some money. To this, of course, there is no response. My lord, nothing loth, offers his friend the loan of £40, and the game begins. Suddenly the major starts up as if called upon in haste, and quits the room. Meanwhile, play goes on, and healths are drunk, and songs are sung, "till at last the company grow weary, and call for their servants to attend them to their several homes—some to lead, and some to carry."

But, and here is the climax, before they part, in comes the master of the house with a long bill of fare in his hand. Every one is as-

tounded, and asks what he means. To which the poor fellow replies that the major is gone without ever paying him a penny, and that he hoped that the gentlemen will not let him be ruined.

“The gentlemen looking on one another are all struck dumb,” but my lord, in the simplicity of his heart, assures them that “his friend the major could not do an unhandsome thing, that doubtless it would all be cleared up in time,” and so—pays the bill himself.

The major soon returns to my lord and makes his apologies. In exchange whereof, he begs the loan of some horses and servants, for that he has formed the design of abducting his lady-love from the home of her father. My lord is only too ready to oblige his friend, and the party set out. The lady is taken and is “interchanging lovelooks” with the major, when they find to their horror that they are pursued. A terrible scuffle ensues, in the course of which Miss Katherine is recovered, Lord Crafford taken prisoner,

but the major—with his usual luck, though wounded, contrives to make his escape. Another plan is devised, in which our hero does not come off so easily. Miss Kate, it appears, dispatched a letter to her lover by her foster sister, imploring him to meet her privately, at a certain appointed time. The foster sister turns traitor, and shows the letter to Mr. Cheevers, the result of which is, that when poor Clancie arrives at his rendezvous, got up in his best, and prepared for “sweet kisses,” he is met by a company of Clubbatiers, who pay him with “buffets and crab-sticks in such a pickle as never was any poor man before in such a posture.”

At Ross he makes himself as popular as ever—feasting at the houses of the great, and giving feasts in return.

At one of these entertainments he calls aside “one of those with whom he had contracted the greatest friendship”—a certain Mr. White—and entreats of him the loan of £50, in consideration whereof, he promises

him a farm of £50 a year, rent free for his life, and offers to leave him one of his trunks as a security.

This gentleman, who had married "without either his wife's parents' consent or his own," and who appears to have been rather hen-pecked, sallies forth to ask the opinion of his wife.

"The wife made many excuses at first, but at last being by her husband importuned with so much earnestness, consented," and handed up the required sum.

Meanwhile the "jollity" continued, healths were drunk, and the company got "very elevated." Clancie, who had waited for this, quietly leaves the room, turns his steps to the harbour, and there bargains with the captain of a vessel to take him to Kilkenny. Very soon afterwards, Mrs. White, who, like most of her sex, was of a curious temperament, was seized with an irrepressible desire of examining into the contents of the major's trunk. Her husband, at first, will not hear

of its being opened ; but “being much pressed,” consents, on condition of its being done in the presence of the Mayor and Corporation ! Accordingly the Mayor arrives with his retinue “to witness this great exploit.” The smith is sent for—the tools are applied—the box is broken open, and then ! “the first thing met with is a piece of satin with which all the rest was covered, *which you may believe were better so than seen* : for from that piece of satin, to the bottom of the trunk, there was nothing but brick-bats, and clods of earth !!!”

But, alas ! what followed ? “The wife seeing herself cheated without any hope of being relieved, falls a railing at her husband. From railing she falls to fighting of him ; so that the Mayor had enough to do to part man and wife, whose best pastime is to scold, imputing the blame of all misfortunes to each other” (whereunto the author adds a philosophical reflection, the logic of which may be questioned ;) “a fate that attends stolen

matches, so made without the privity or consent of parents ! ”

Our hero next turns up at Towmond, where he becomes the constant guest of Mr. Macnemarroe. One day, as he is riding in the neighbourhood, he falls in with a gentleman, whom he ascertains to be the son of Lord Mountgarrot, and to whom he coolly introduces himself. He pleads in excuse for such conduct, his position as the affianced of Mr. Butler's relative—Miss Cheevers—that upon further acquaintance Mr. Butler will be able to convince his—the major's—father-in-law of his error in supposing him a counterfeit. With a view to such further acquaintance, he persuades Mr. Butler to spend the night at the house of his friend, Macnemarroe. On that gentleman's return, civilities are interchanged, and the mutual relationship of the major and my lord are thoroughly explained. Next morning Mr. Butler sets off for Limerick, with his friend the major duly mounted on one of Macnemarroe's horses, the owner of

which "was ashamed to deny him in the presence of Mr. Butler, before whom he had been so kind."

At Limerick they stayed, till one morning at breakfast, in comes a servant of the major (according to that worthy's previous instructions), with a doleful complaint from his honour's tenants. The major goes out, as if to pacify them, first, however, borrowing his friend Butler's cloak, belt, and rapier, and, as usual, rides quite another way altogether. He takes the road to Galway, and is congratulating himself on the success of his ruse, when who should he meet but his "very good friend," Macnemarroë! That gentleman immediately seizes him and has him committed to the county jail. But not, it seems, for long. The Earl of Insiquin and suite being quartered at Farmbridge, near Cashel, are surprised one morning by the appearance of a man "almost stark-naked, without cloak or coat, only a pair of breeches with many patches, and a shirt suitable to be worn with

such breeches." This individual reveals himself to be Major Clancie, on hearing which, we are told, my lords and gentlemen were seized with "such a fit of merriment and laughter that some were obliged to leave the room." When their laughter had subsided, the object of it presented a petition, in which it was plausibly set forth, how that he had come "to wait upon his lordship," but had been robbed on the way; how that if his lordship would "give him a pass to Limerick where he means to recruit himself, he would return to wait upon his lordship in this expedition." His lordship, whose ignorance as to the character of his visitor, was bliss, indeed, believed every word of his tale, and readily acceded to his request. Whereupon the major rode into Limerick in triumph, and those who would have apprehended him, on seeing his pass, "were glad to let him alone."

Our hero now adopted a dodge which has served the purpose of many a scoundrel both

before and since. He pretended to be *pious*! He is a regular attendant at church; he resolves to shun all occasions of temptation lest (poor fellow!) "his frailty might be wrought upon."

A certain Mr. Fanning a commissioner of the revenue, is so taken with him, that he asks him to his house—that house—where "he should have the absolute command of all!!!" Now it chanced that Mr. Fanning owed £100 to a Mr. O'Brien—a neighbour of his—but such is his fondness for the major, that he must needs be present at the payment to see that all is fair. A servant meanwhile, is ordered to follow them with the hundred pounds. As they ride along the major observes that the servant is delaying on the road. Accordingly, he slackens his pace, and waits for him, and telling him that Mr. Fanning has sent him (the major) back, with orders for him to return to Limerick at once, and then to search in his closet for twenty pounds in gold, which were to be

brought back for Mr. O'Brien; that he was likewise to deliver to him (the major) the hundred pounds which he had "that he may come the sooner to Mr. O'Brien's house where they all expect him." The servant "being very well satisfied that all is true that comes from the Major," does as he is bid; rides back as hard as he can, goes upstairs to his master's room, and finds the cupboard empty! Back again he rides in hot haste to Mr. O'Brien, where the following scene occurs:—

"Where is my hundred pounds?" asks Mr. Fanning.

"Truly, sir, I gave it to Major Clancie, according to the orders he brought me."

"But where is the Major with the money?" asks Mr. Fanning.

"How can I tell, sir, that never saw him since? but sure I am, my heart is broke."

"Thy heart broke, villain; where is my money," thunders his angry master, to which he could have no other answer but "that the

Major had it who, it seems, is gone about his own affairs."

Six months after this Mr. Fanning spied the Major coming along the road to Cork and gave him chase. He was successful, and in spite of the major's urgent entreaties had him safely lodged in the Limerick prison. Here his treatment was rigorous enough. "Hardships and pain reduced him to the most lamentable spectacle in the world; nothing but skin and bones; his eyes sunk, his lips dried up, his jaw bone ready to pierce the skin; a direct anatomy or perfect ghost." The Uriah Heep and Littimer dodge served him admirably now. The chaplain was charmed with him, and told the Commissioners that he had seen one "of the wonders of the world;" one who had not his fellow for true penitency and perfect devotion. The Commissioners requested to see this paragon. Clancie was accordingly brought before them, and on that occasion he regaled their ears with a speech which even Uriah Heep could never

have surpassed. His eloquence procured him a ticket-of-leave. Once out of prison he is taken under the wing of the credulous chaplain, by whom he is placed in a monastery. Here his devotion knows no bounds. He regularly observes the fasts—he is for ever doing penance—to such an extent, indeed, that “Father Guardian is sometimes disappointed of his *rest* by the continual exercise of mortification practised by Brother Clancie, who every night pulls off his habit and rolls himself on the cold ground, and whenever he hears the cock crow falls a whipping his naked body,” until the good father is fain to assure him that “to preserve himself were it but for example would do much more acceptable service to God than to make himself away.” By this time the penitent Major began to have some little knowledge of his whereabouts. He had observed, among other things, that there was a small stock of money in the keeping of Brother Spencer, which had been amassed together for the use of the monas-

tery. With this knowledge he goes to Brother Spencer while his patron (Father Delahyde) is absent, and tells him that "Father Delahyde being with the Commissioners they had promised to do them a service, which was to employ their own servants to the fair of Mollengare to buy lean cattle for the winter provision, and to give them grass till they were fit to be eaten ; to which end the father has sent him for the money to deliver to the Commissioners. Brother Spencer believing this to be true, delivers the money (some three-score pounds) into his hands, which he no sooner has than he carries it to a private lodging, puts on his other clothes, and "bids adieu to Father Delahyde and all the rest of his dearly beloved brother-friars." By-and-by back comes Father Delahyde and inquires for Clancie. Brother Spencer replies that he has not seen him since he gave him the money for the cattle.

"What cattle?" asks Father Delahyde.
The brother explains.

"And do you not know where he is?"

"No, in good faith, not I."

"Why, then, I am afraid we are all undone," cries the father. Which indeed they were.

Our hero conceiving it "not safe for him to make any stay in them parts (sic) where he lately played so many pranks," adjourned to Cork. Here we find him beseeching a friend "with whom he had some small acquaintance," to ask the governor for an order to transport him, the Major, and certain gentlemen who dwelt in the adjacent mountains, and who, he said, could not but be troublesome to the governor and his quarters. Clancie obtains an interview with the governor, and undertakes to promise that his men will give no further trouble on condition of receiving "a free quarter during their stay, a good ship, manned and victualled, and money in their purses." Having obtained these he is off to the mountains. He meets with some opposition at first, but on presenting "the

articles " the mountaineers salute him " captain," and agree to follow him wheresoever he list. Thus things went on smoothly enough till they got to Flanders. Then it is that some of them demand their share of the money which had been given for their use. Whereupon the " captain " coolly tells them that " it is given for his own use and not theirs." " But they, not satisfied with this answer, resolved to have it out of his bones, so that he was glad to get from them by stealth and leave his troops to shift for their living."

The Major's next adventure was based on *une affaire du cœur* with a very rich widow. This lady he addressed with his usual eloquence, but she, with becoming modesty, told him that she " never doubted nor disbelieved him, but that she had no inclination to change her condition." With a perception which did him credit, the Major took this answer for an " encouragement to come again," " which he often did," we are informed,

“without invitation.” Falling in with some Irish acquaintances he lets them into the secret and borrows of them £40—for his wedding *trousseaux*. Whereupon he quits his lodgings, his widow, and his Irish acquaintances, and comes straight to London. “At a place called Nell’s Ordinary, which there was a great resort to,” he overhears a gentleman ask his friend if he knew of any one to whom he might safely entrust his money while he was in France. The dauntless Major forthwith invites them to dinner, and as they warm over the wine, offers himself for the post of trustee, “for,” says he, “the Earl of Insiquin will pay you on sight of my bill.” And with a charming *naïveté* the gentleman pays up his £200. Unfortunately the Major is not quite quick enough this time. This gentleman goes off to Lord Insiquin, finds out the hoax, and, riding post haste back to town, delivers the unconscious sharper into the hands of the Bailiffs. During his imprisonment he writes to the

daughter of the Earl of Towmond, and entreats permission to see her ladyship's confessor, "it being the greatest concern of his soul." No sooner does the poor priest arrive than he turns his "confession" into a threat of informing against him (his presence being contrary to prison rules) if he did not supply him with money. By which means he got £50 out of her ladyship's exchequer.

We next hear of the Major "at a place called Viena," in Italy. At his hotel in Viena he becomes acquainted with a gentleman named Gerardo—a gentleman's "gentleman," in short, of the Prince of Tuskaine. In the course of their conversation, Clancie happens to ask him if he had "lately heard of the King of England, or knew any one of that court." Gerardo replies by an allusion to the "constancy, loyalty, and fidelity," of the Lord of Ormond, "of whom," says he, "my master has given such characters as are not to be paralleled." Upon which, the Major, with an assumption of the greatest

humility, avows himself the Lord of Ormond, though "a little pincht" in circumstances, and entreats his friend to acquaint the prince that he begs it as a favour he will not trouble himself to see him. Of course, Gerardo acquaints the prince with everything. And the prince thereunto commands Gerardo to "go back to my lord, and carry him three hundred pounds, and tell him he shall have as much more as he pleases, and that there was not that thing in the world within the reach of the prince but he should command."

Gerardo returns to the supposed Lord of Ormond, who receives him with a great deal of cheerfulness and large promises of reward, "engaging him to express to the prince how feelingly sensible he is of this great favour thus so seasonably placed upon him." And on the major's leaving the hotel, the landlord "appears with a sad countenance, to think of parting with the best guest that ever he had."

Our hero returns to England just in time to celebrate the restoration of King Charles II.

He appears "richly apparelled, and very well attended," and proceeds to take some rooms in the most fashionable part of the town. He has not been very long in these quarters before his landlord becomes terribly jealous of his attentions to the landlady. Boniface is determined, however, to make sure whether his wife keeps the major in countenance, and accordingly informs her of his resolution. That resolution is to find out the major's new haunts, for he has left their house, having numerous debts still standing in his name, and arrest him that very night. Like a true woman she applauds her spouse's intentions—to his face, and directly his back is turned writes off a timely warning to the major. The bailiffs execute their orders to the letter, and finding their intended victim (as they suppose) in bed, they proceed to administer to him the soundest thrashing that a man ever received. The noise arouses the neighbours, and among them the landlord himself, who, on coming up, perceives to his horror that his victim is "not

Clancie, but Birmingham." Then ensues a scene. The landlord begs pardon for the mistake. Mr. B. is not so easily satisfied—"To break my head and face, to tear my hair and clothes, to thrust my bedclothes through with naked swords, and piercing my skin, and all this for nothing, but under colour of mistake!" So that the landlord is obliged to heal his wounds with a salve of fifty pounds. In the meantime the major had been safely ensconced in the room of Mrs. Landlord, from which he only emerged, when the husband returned, "to make himself merry with his friend Birmingham."

Some of the major's subsequent adventures with the bailiffs are very amusing. "One day espying a bailiff from his window, seated on the stall of a cutler's shop, he sends a message to the boy in the shop, who happens to be knocking in some nails, to knock a nail or two (by mistake ?) into the coat-tails of the bailiff. This, on receipt of a crown-piece, the boy proceeded to do. As soon as

the last nail is driven in, the major, who had been watching the sport from above, comes down to take the coach. Up starts the bailiff simultaneously, and then, down come stall, hammer, nail-boxes, making such a clatter that the fellow was frightened out of his wits, thinking the devil had been at his back."

Another time he meets a creditor who begs of him to name a day when he shall discharge a debt of some months' standing. To which the major makes answer that he shall be able to do so very soon, as he expects a supply from his uncle—the Bishop of London! Curiously enough, the bishop's coach happens to be passing at the same moment. Perceiving this, the major rushes up to the coach, bidding his friend keep a little distance off. The major then explains to the bishop how that he has a sceptical friend whose wish it is to have his doubts cleared up (if possible) by so eminent a Defender of the Faith as his lordship. The bishop gladly undertakes the

task, and beckoning to the friend to come up, assures him that “if he would call at his residence at ten o’clock on the morrow, he would *satisfy* him.” So delighted is the creditor at this intelligence that he forthwith lends the major £50 more, in hopes to have it repaid with the other fifty by the bishop next day. On the following morning the creditor comes by appointment. The bishop receives him very courteously, and bids him “speak his mind and conceal nothing that troubled him ;” which he did, and giving his thanks to the bishop, falls a telling a long story how that he had lent his nephew fifty pounds some months since, and yesterday, fifty more, on his lordship’s promise to satisfy that debt by the hour of ten of the clock. Whereto the bishop, astounded beyond measure, replies, “’Twas not for payment of money, but to endeavour your satisfaction another way, by removing doubts of conscience in points of religion—that was my promise, and that I am still ready to perform,

and nothing else. And," says the bishop, adding insult to injury, "I believe it to be a contrivance between the other man and you, to cheat me out of my money." At which the creditor waxes very wrath, and resolves to petition the king as to how he should obtain reparation. The king appoints the Duke of Ormonde arbitrator, and the duke's decision is to the effect that the first fifty is irrecoverable, but that the second fifty must be paid by his lordship the bishop—a decision which seems to have had the misfortune of being equally offensive to both parties. Our hero now begins to feel how, by his long-continued mal-practices, he has brought himself to that pass that few or none will anear him. He determines therefore on seeking the distant city of Chester, but is wind-driven into Beaumoris, in Wales. He has not been here long ere there arrives a lady from London who is bound for Ireland. The gallant major sends her word by one of his servants that there is the ship he came in at

her disposal if she liked to make use of it. The lady desires that the major will come to her room and "enter more into particulars." You may easily believe the major would lose no time to obey the commands of a fair lady, and so he went, and, from all accounts, a very pleasant evening they spent together. Next day, "the wind being cross," the lady did not start, nor the day after that. But though the wind continued cross, the major became very agreeable, and many more pleasant evenings were accordingly spent. At length the major came to the point, and declared his love. The lady blushed and simpered a little at first, but the major had such a wheedling way that the tender-hearted lady was forced to yield. And, to cut a long story short, "marriage was consummated to the unspeakable comfort and consolation of both." But then, as the biographer adds, with some degree of sarcasm, "This siege held about six days, to the expense of many bottles at the charge of the major, whose whole study

is how to reimburse himself by the help of his lady, whose little stock of money, with a considerable parcel of jewels, are most willingly delivered as a marriage-portion to the major." Having secured the "dust," the major next devises a plan for ridding himself of his wife. One day he concocts a letter from the Earl of Carbury desiring him to make all haste thither, "for the prevention of his own harm, which must unavoidably follow if he delay." And this letter he has brought to him as if it were genuine. Amidst the tears of his wife "he takes his leave," giving her all the assurance imaginable, as well of his constancy as of his speedy return. In the interim he leaves her the box where her jewels (once) lay, "making her believe he had removed none—when, in truth, he had left none."

It is needless to say that the poor woman never saw either her husband or her jewels afterwards.

After this redoubtable exploit we hear little

more of Major Clancie. His end, like that of most of your rollicking blades, was crowned with ignominy. He perceived that "most men began to forsake him, being in a low condition, whereby he was necessitated to play at small games." Having contracted an alliance with a "very ordinary plain woman," he one day entreated her to give him some token of her affection.

"I have nothing in the world but this ring," says she, and immediately pulls it off. Which he had no sooner secured than "he conveys himself away, leaving his wife to pay the reckoning, which she was forced to pawn her clothes for."

Shortly after he was apprehended, and at the instance of his lady conveyed to Newgate, from which sweet seclusion we are informed that he did not emerge until called upon to take a prominent part in a highly interesting ceremony which was to be performed at Tyburn.

A VERY UNFASHIONABLE PROMENADE.

It is, in point of fact, a very unfashionable promenade. You see, it is such a long way off from everything else. So far removed from Buckingham Palace, from the Horse Guards, from the clubs, from the squares, from Rotten Row, from the Pantheon Bazaar, from the Italian Opera House, from St. George's Church, from Almack's, from Verrey's Restaurant, from Madame Rachel's Enamelling Rooms, from all that savoureth of the *beau monde*, of *haut ton*, and of "good society." Postally considered it is situated not in the district W., not in the stately S.W., not even in the less pretentious N.W. In fact it isn't westward ho ! at all. It is right at the other end of the compass. Supposing you take a

cab, let us say at the General Post Office, you rattle down Aldersgate Street, dash along that of Goswell, turning smartly round into Old Street. You pass Bunhill Row, with its burial ground, sacred to the memories of Bunyan—under whose guidance we have so often followed the Christian pilgrim's steps; Defoe, biographer of those well-remembered friends of our boyhood, Crusoe and his faithful Friday; Watts, with whom we became acquainted even earlier; and many other gentle and pious souls gone from among us to their last long home. Continuing your course along the Old Street Road, you pass Shore-ditch Church. Here too "God's acre" is fraught with fruitful recollections, but this time not of preachers, not of novelists, but of "poor players;" Will Somers, Jester to bluff King Hal, Tarlton Clown in the days of Shakspeare, and anent whose mirth-provoking visage the epitaph is written—

"Hæc situs est cujus poterat vox, actio, vultus,
Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum;"

Burbage and others who were among the first to personate the great bard's creations.

On again, through the seemingly interminable Hackney Road, by Prospect Road, through Bishop's Road, and then—then it is that we arrive at that most unfashionable of promenades—the Victoria Park. On entering this park you will observe that it is extensive—not perhaps so extensive as its more aristocratic sisters of the west—and that it is laid out with consummate taste. Winding paths surrounded on either side by beds of varicoloured and sweet-scented flowers intersect the turf in every direction, and in the midst there is a sheet of water, spanned by a handsome bridge, and filled with water-fowl of the rarest kinds. The habitués of this park are numerous if not select. They are not much given to equestrianism, certainly, still less are they in the habit of being borne luxuriously along in carriages richly padded within and gorgeously emblazoned without. They are of the unfashionable classes—don't you under-

stand—they are of that class which doesn't buy its coats at Pool's or its bonnets at Brandon's, which has to live from hand to mouth—by the sweat of the brow ; weavers from the neighbouring looms of Spitalfields and of Bethnal Green—grim and sooty artizans—seampstresses

“Lean and weary and wan
With only their ghosts of garments on,
Every soul—child, woman, or man,
That lives or dies by labour ”—

who have left the dingy work-rooms, and their own much dingier, drearier homes, and come to have a look at the bright flowers, and stretch their cramped limbs a bit, and refresh their weary bodies with a breath of God's pure air.

On one of the seats, beneath a shady tree, an old man rests his weary frame. He is a very old man, his hair is quite white, and his eyes are weak and dim. Yet there are hope and faith, love, and tenderness stamped on every feature of his venerable countenance.

“ And blest is he o’er whose decline,
The smiles of hope may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years.”

His earthly course is nearly run — his labours are fast drawing to a close. He has served a long and weary time of it; but he has been truthful and honest through it all. He has never swerved from the paths of virtue. The end will soon come, but he looks to it humbly, resignedly, and without fear. In pious resignation he awaits the day when he shall be summoned hence to that brighter and better land “where, the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

Passing by me at this moment are a young married couple. A poorly clad young couple enough, and yet how cheerful and contented. True, they have their sorrows—bitter sorrows—true, they find life a hard and uphill struggle. But then methinks it is this mutual participation in each other’s sorrows which endears them one to the other—which lightens their heaviest burdens, and consoles them

under their deepest and bitterest afflictions. Watch them now! How tenderly he bends over her as he points out the beauty of some flower, or directs her attention to the glow of the sunset on the mighty city. How pleased he looks when a smile irradiates her wan pale cheek, and recalls for an instant, though only for an instant, some faint trace of her former beauty—the beauty of her earlier years and before starvation had done its deadly work.

What a lesson may we learn from the patient endurance, the cheerful content of these poor people! What though there are many who are gone astray, many who are outcasts, reprobate, and degraded. Think of the temptations “to which ours are as breezes which woo to storms which tumble towers,” which they have undergone, of the close unwholesome dens in which they drag out their wretched lives, of the fierce hunger which prey, upon them daily, of the cares and sicknesses and anxieties to which they are exposed, of the hope of better days which

lights up their poor lives with its delusive glare, and of the dull and blank despair succeeding it.

And, oh, my brothers, my brothers, which of us shall stand forth in his untried virtue and say that under like disadvantages he would not have fallen too?

Children are to be found in the park in abundance. They are not rosy cheeked children by any means—not the bright-eyed, laughing cherubs that form the especial delight of young ladies of twenty or thereabouts, and the particular aversion of young gentlemen of ten or thereabouts—that we read of in Mr. W. Bennett's graceful lyrics and see personified blowing trumpets on antiquated tombstones.

These children have sickly little faces, attenuated little bodies. Some of them, alas! crooked, stunted, crippled little limbs. Some of them have got old before their time, and have acquired an old man's expression upon their countenances, which would be irresistible.

bly comical were it not, alas ! most painful to behold. The sturdiest of them, however, make great use of their play-ground. They drive their hoops, they chase one another in and out the avenues, or play hide and seek behind the trees, or "Touchwood" (is not that the name of the game which delighted the infancy of the mature individual who pens these lines—and which he believes to be still existing) or in short—anything else that affords scope for shouting and romping and getting out of breath.

The feebler children take great delight in feeding the ducks. They will stand behind the railings in front of the pond and throw in tempting morsels of bread, or biscuit, or apple (for all these dainties are procurable at a stall in the park)—sometimes the birds will turn contemptuously from the proffered gifts, and then the disappointment is great, but when this is not the case, and they come quacking to the pond's edge and open their

wide bills as if mutely "asking for more," there is such a crowing of delight, and such a clapping of little hands, and a stamping of little feet as does one good to hear.

At five o'clock the park-keeper, a splendid creature in laces and what-nots, and quite equal in appearance to his brethren of the west, sallies forth from his lodge and gives notice to everyone whom he meets that it is time to withdraw. His seems a task of no small difficulty at first, for the attractions are great here and little enough elsewhere, God knows; but at length the stragglers are gathered in, the park is cleared, and the ducks are left once more to their undisturbed seclusion.

By the latest statistics I am informed firstly, that this park has added to the health of over 500,000 people; and secondly, that Parliament granted no less than £100,000 to defray its expenses. We are aware that that august assembly is in the habit of expending

the public monies pretty freely ; but never, in my opinion, was any grant applied to a better purpose than this, and shame say I be to that economist who would have grudged a penny.

DO YOU OBJECT TO SMOKING?

PERHAPS few men have ever attained to a greater notoriety than Sir Walter Raleigh. And this not so much by his "History of the World," instructive, as no doubt that portentous volume may be to those who live long enough to get through it, as by his introduction into this country of the practice of smoking. It was in vain that he got soused by his own domestic while indulging in a dreamy reverie amid the fumes. It was in vain that his royal master, James, of pedantic memory, blew out an awful "counterblast" and branded the finest brands with the classic appellation of "a precious stink." It is to little purpose that sage and sapient doctors put in their veto on the noxious plant, and

throw out mysterious hints about its nicotine and its empyreumatic oil, and poisoned systems, and the retention of alkaloid in the tissues, or threaten us with the encouraging prospect of nausea, tremulousness of the muscles, excessive perspiration, palpitation of the heart, and angina pectoris, if we continue in its use. It is to little purpose that a worthy ecclesiastic has been found to anathematize it as a "gorging fiend;" that excellent gentlemen write tracts, with the alarming titles of "The Murderer and his Meerschaum," or, "Hell and Havannahs;" that ladies hurl their fulminations at what they are pleased to call "that filthy habit;" that university dons have concocted a statute solely and entirely to forbid the use of the "*herba nicotiana sive*" *tobacco*—as they add, for fear (alas! for the confession), that their Latinity should be unintelligible! Spite of doctors, ecclesiastics, dons, and ladies, patients will be rebellious, congregations sceptical, lords and masters claim their right of supremacy,

and naughty undergrads will laugh statutes to scorn. The weed will not be "put down." It defies the Alderman Cutes of the opposition, and rears its head—its "negro head," let us say—and, like the mythologic monster of old, comes out the stronger under every blow. It is in the nature of man to go on smoking, and chewing, and snuffing. "It clears the brain and makes me think," is the excuse of one, a mathematician, who is intent on the integral calculus. "It soothes the nerves, and induces sleep," says another, a commercial clerk, as he returns home after a long day's grind over the Stocks and the Three per Cents.

"It is something to do," mutters a third.

Not a very valid reason, this, I think.

"It cures the toothache," pleads a fourth—which has more in it certainly, though, *crede experto*, I have found it a decided failure. Be the reasons, however, what they may, there is no doubt that the practice is universally prevalent; that there is not the

smallest chance of its being on the decline, and that it is one in which all classes alike are interested—all from the dandy, with his perfumed cigarette, to the workman with his humble “clay.”

For these reasons, if for no other, the manufacture of tobacco is a subject which deserves a very considerable share of our attention.

Nor is this weed-worship confined to our country alone. It is cosmopolitan, and various are the ways in which its votaries offer up their adoration.

What Paddy could exist without that particular snuff to which he has affixed a name more expressive than polite? And as for our Northern neighbours there is a story current of a sermon to which certain of a clan were patient listeners enow up to the time that their mulls became empty.

The German student makes quite a friend of his pipe, with its long cherry-wood stem and deep china bowl. He is wont, I believe, to employ its agency in his metaphysical

pursuits, though the blooming young lady (not too much dressed) who invariably adorns the bowl looks material enough in all conscience and is anything but an "abstraction." Then there is the American who chews the weed—a custom upon which with its expectorating accompaniment the Author of the "Notes" is especially severe; and then there are the Turks who luxuriously inhale it lolling on a cushion in the midst of their admiring Sultanas. Perhaps, however, there is no nation in the world which is so addicted to its use as the French. At the café in the morning, on the Boulevards at noon, in the casino at night you will hardly ever see a Frenchman without a cigar in his mouth. Whether or not this has a deteriorating effect, or whether or not it leads to drinking (though for that matter our neighbours seldom indulge in anything stronger than lemonade), are beside the question. There is no doubt of the fact—that the French are prodigious smokers. And therefore it is that there is scarcely any

place where the manufacture of tobacco is carried on on a greater scale than at the Imperial Manufactory of Paris.

The plant, it should be observed, is extremely delicate and has to be treated as an exotic. A single frost would destroy a whole crop. A fine plant, it is said, should have nearly a dozen leaves and a stem nearly six feet high ; their colour at the time of gathering should be yellow and their appearance rough. They are then left to dry for a day, then covered up to sweat for three or four, and then dried again. When quite dry this process is repeated. Apparently it cannot be repeated too often, as a medical authority has stated in the following opinion : “ The great superiority,” he observes, “ of the best Havannah cigars depends not only upon the fine quality of the leaf used to make them, but also on the perfection of the rolling ; but, above all, on the completeness of the drying. The best of these cigars are those which have been kept for some time in a sufficiently warm

temperature to dry them very completely.”* When this end is attained they are tied together in bundles of a dozen each, placed in casks, pressed in by a powerful lever, and so transported to their destination. The first court into which we are ushered in the Parisian Manufactory is devoted to the purposes of undoing, laying out, and moistening of the leaf. This moisture is effected by means of a solution of salt applied for the two-fold purpose of assisting fermentation and preventing putrescence. The leaves that have been soaking for a day are denuded of their stalks and the blades separated. This branch of the business is carried on by women, who here, as in the railway stations, are provided with a profitable employment in a manner which would rejoice the heart of Miss Faithfull herself. The engine-room comes next in order. The engine—a mighty implement of 140 horse power—acts upon the whole of

* This extract is taken from an article in the Cornhill Magazine (for November, 1862), Volume VI, number 35, page 610.

the adjacent machinery. Near at hand are a series of cutting-machines so contrived as to shave off into very thin sheets the leaves which men have been pressing into it from behind, and disgorge each, as it cuts, into a trough below. The produce is tobacco—but tobacco that is moist and unwholesome. To remedy this it is brought over to a drying machine. This consists of a number of heated brass channels, the warmth being equally distributed over the whole surface. From thence it is taken to another machine formed of linen screens—the whole operation of drying lasting about half-an-hour. Tobacco in this condition is ready for smoking. The manufacture of snuff appears to be more complicated. We find a series of mills fed by gullets from above, and depending wholly on the movement of a main horizontal shaft. This shaft turns a number of “excentrics” which are attached by straps to levers, and so promotes an alternate circular motion of the mill-shafts. The snuff thus made is ejected

upon a canvass moving on rollers, borne on to sieves, sifted, and cast into the troughs below. This is snuff *de la première qualité*. This is for the pouncet-box of Monseigneur, laced and ruffled, in the gardens of Versailles. In the meanwhile that of a coarser nature is carried away to a pit and on through flannels connected with the gullets whence it first passed to the mills beneath. And all this by a wondrous piece of mechanism, all this laborious process for the mortification or delectation of our sensitive nostrils. The cigars are made—as Pip was brought up—“by hand,” and oh! ye gallant gentlemen! by the hand of lovely woman. The poet Goldsmith bewails the occasions on which lovely woman stoops to folly. Let us hope that he didn’t include the making of cigars as one of them. To be sure, these women are not very lovely—they are pale and careworn—their eyes are dim—they stoop, and their hands are large and hard. And how should it be otherwise?

Rough work will roughen the smoothest skin, and close rooms make havoc with the best complexions! And there they sit, patient creatures, day after day, some five hundred of them, rolling the leaf, cutting it into orthodox form, and finally screwing up the end with the assistance of a little grease, into that elegant sugar-loaf point which connoisseurs prize so highly. So quickly done, and so nattily! Nimble fingers always plying; now pulling out the tangled shreds, now rolling, now plastering, now cutting off the jaggs, now putting the final touch; quick and rapid work, in truth, but so dull and dreary and monotonous, as a few minutes inspection may show the most unobservant.

Again, and a coarser business greets the eye—the manufacture of the roll tobacco, the stuff that is supplied to seamen—the “quids,” without which a Jolly Jack tar would not be jolly at all, and bereft of which Mr. T. P. Cooke would infallibly have failed to “draw a house.” In the centre of the two rooms in

which this part of the business is conducted are a number of wheels to all intents and purposes similar to those used for spinning. Attached to these wheels are benches upon which men place the leaves smooth and open; these are followed up by others who roll them up into the form of a cord, and as each tail is finished, it is wound upon the wheels. Subsequently it is twisted into a ball and darkened by a dye of tobacco water. Around these rooms are coil upon coil of these rolls, stamped and labelled, and looking for all the world like colossal cheeses. The wonderful agility with which the workmen force the required amount of tobacco into its due compass, pack, and label them, excited my greatest admiration.

How profitable such an establishment must be, may be gathered from the fact that nearly two thousand persons are employed, consisting of men, women, and boys, the former earning from three francs to three-and-a-half per diem, the latter from two to two-and-a-

half; that there are no less than ten establishments of the kind in France, all of them dependant on this, that the value of this alone is set down at one hundred and ninety-one thousand pounds, in which estimate the plant (including machinery and tools) represents over one eighth, and that, with these expenses to meet, an annual increase is added to the revenue of more than three million English pounds!

Such being the admitted facts, it may be worth while considering how far discussion will avail. At any rate it will be worth while reflecting whether it would not be wiser for those who do not chew Cavendish to eschew controversy, and for the disputants in general to smoke the pipe of peace over a pipe of bird's-eye.

AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.

I AM not a graphiologist. I don't profess to be able to tell the character by handwriting, though for that matter I have had my own told and have, in consequence, considered myself a better if not a wiser man than I ever thought myself before. Still less am I a phrenologist. I have read little or nothing of Lavater. I couldn't for the life of me say whether a man was a murderer or a philosopher, a Shakspeare or the Lancashire Idiot, by merely observing his pericranium. Yet there is a study to which I am given, which is to my mind equally as interesting and quite as satisfactory as either of the former. The scene of my speculations is the General Post Office, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, the subjects

thereof are the people who make use of its letter-boxes, and the results will be duly made known in the following paper. As I was engaged in these pursuits the other evening one of the first persons who passed me was an old lady—attired rather flashily than elegantly—and bearing a monster umbrella, but with a merry round face withal that atoned for everything. This old lady is evidently a country cousin, and has come up to town by a cheap excursion in order to see as much of it as she can in ten days. I told you so, she has just dropped a portly missive into the “letters” for the country department. That letter is addressed to her niece in Muddleshire, and contains a flaming account of her first day’s exploits. For she has made the most of her time, depend upon it; of course she has eaten buns in the middle of the Strand, of course she has had her pocket picked while staring at “Punch,” and of course she went a mile out of the way in a fruitless search for a policeman. But besides this she has “done”

a variety of things, things which people who live in London never think of "doing." She has been for instance to the Tower, "where them dear little princes was murdered and where that nasty beast, Clarence, drowned himself in a butt, of wine, and where lots o'things happened besides, but lawk o'mercy, my dear, your old aunt can't remember 'em, for she never was no schollard, thank goodness!!!" She was particularly struck too with Queen Victoria's crown, "which, reely, now, looked so evvy that she felt thankful she warn't the Queen to wear it." From the Tower in all probability she adjourned to the Thames Tunnel, where her surprise at not getting wet was unbounded. From the Tunnel, she took a 'bus to St. Paul's—there she inspected the clock which, from its size, she thought must be very inconvenient—the whispering gallery, which she disapproved of, as calculated to encourage talking in church, and all the other lions, though she was somewhat scandalized, as well she might be, at

having to pay three-and-twopence for the sight. Her day's adventures were brought to a close by a visit to the monument on Fish Street hill—having reached the summit of which in an exhausted state, it seemed such a way up she thought she never could get down again, “and reely, when the guide told her that it was a hawful place for suicides it put her in such a twitter that she didn't recover herself till she got home and had taken a wee drop of her ‘patent medicine,’ my dear.”

The old lady is followed up by a servant in gorgeous livery. The letter he bears is encased in a pink envelope and is strongly scented with patchouli. It is addressed to Miss Mary Turniptop, of Turniptop Hall, Yorkshire, and it comes from her sister Bessie, now on a visit to their cousin Lord Lofty, in Grosvenor Square.

It is Miss Bessie's first visit to town, and she has been “gathering the rose-buds while she may” with no niggard hand. She has

been to "such a charming ball at Almacks (she writes), and to such a delightful opera at her Majesty's, and she has had such pleasant rides in Rotten Row, and such delicious flirtations with dear Captain——, and she likes London so much."

Ah! dear young lady, you behold London Life through a West-end telescope—through rose-coloured glasses. You look on one side of the picture only—you know nothing of the other side—and perhaps it is as well you never should.

After the footman comes a young gentleman dilapidated as to his dress and somewhat rakish as to his general appearance. I fancy that my friend is a medical student. He has been "studying," I think, during the past year, and appears to have "studied" so uncommonly hard that he has forgotten to have his coat mended. I can easily tell what his letter is about. It is addressed to his father, a venerable old clergyman in Norfolk. It probably states that "the nature of

his avocations" (one must gammon the governor a bit, as he observed to Tom Larkyns the other day—or he'll never stump up) "having materially increased his expenditure, may he ask the favour of a further remittance."

No sooner is the young gentleman gone than a Frenchman pops a letter into the box labelled, "Foreign and Colonial." His epistle is addressed to his "cher ami Alphonse, of the Rue St. Honorè," and is dated, you may be sure, from Leicester Square. Having spent some six weeks in that fashionable locality, he is, of course, fully competent to give his ami a pretty veracious account of *les Anglais chez eux*. "For, mon ami," saith his letter—"this is the square par excellence. There are other streets and squares, certainement, but it is here alone, vous comprenez, that you have the public buildings, the cafès, the restaurants,—it is here alone that all the world goes to promenade. Here is situate their grand théâtre de

l'Alhambra. At this theatre they have operatic performances, and ballets all the nights except Sundays—mais, mon ami, I cannot express to you how inferior, how very inferior they are to our own. Here, too, is located one of their grand salons—clubs they call them—of whose grandeur you have heard so much. It is true the price of admission is reasonable, very reasonable; for one penny deux sous—it is permitted you to read not only the journals of this country but also those of our own. But mon Dieu, the edifice is not grand; it is not magnifique; it is not sumptuous. Ah! no, no; you may take my word for it that in this, as in everything else, Jean Boule is one great big boastare!"

To the same box comes a poor navvy with a letter to some old friend in Australia. His friend left the old country many years since, when wages were low and work was scarce. He sought his fortunes in the new world—the golden land—"the land flowing with milk and honey—the great, young, free, new world."

He “grappled with his evil star”—he made his way, and he is a richer man now. Perhaps it would have been better for him to have taken his friend’s advice and emigrated too. And yet, to some of us, “home is home, however homely,” and there is an innate love of old associations, for the loss of which there is nothing which can fully compensate.

The offerings at the “Town Department” are so numerous as to plunge one into the wildest speculation as to their contents. Hither comes a smart little page with an invitation-note from Miss Letitia Lightfoot, wherein “the pleasure of Miss Honoria Hoppleton’s company is requested to an evening party, on Thursday next, when the hour will be half-past eight, and the object will be—tom-foolery—I beg pardon, I mean *tom-pête*—*mais c’est tout le même chose, n’est pas?* Immediately following him is a messenger with some weighty despatch, on which perhaps depend matters of the gravest import.

There are letters and letters—various in purpose as in form. Who shall guess the histories that are there—"histories," as witty Jerrold observed, "more deep, more touching, than many on the shelves of libraries!" Letters, silver-edged, bearing the glad tidings of a joyful marriage—a union of two happy beings—

"Whom gentler stars unite and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend,"

to one house; letters, black-edged, about to fill a neighbouring hearth with woe and desolation. Then there are begging letters, written too often by scurvy impostors to entrap the weak-minded, crammed with fulsome flattery, or stuffed with sickening cant about the responsibilities of the person to whom they are addressed; love letters, teeming with sighs and darts, and broken hearts, and all the other poetical absurdities of which the wisest men are guilty at certain periods of their lives; letters having the Royal Arms showily stamped on their envelopes, and which you

find to be nothing more than invitations from Messrs. Cheaplot, Brothers, to visit their extensive assortment of *etcetera*, *etceteras*; letters from grand ladies to poor governesses, stating not a whit too squeamishly the terms, salary, &c., which they are prepared to offer; letters from the poor governesses to the grand ladies, signing in all humility the contract of their degradation; letters from editors of magazines to the paid contributors, furiously demanding "copy;" letters from the same to the voluntary contributors respectfully declining their effusions (*i.e.*, putting them into the fire), for want of space. Then there are Chesterfieldian letters, pompous and artificial both in style and matter; and then, as a sweet contrast, there are letters "gushing from the heart, simple, natural, and unstudied;" letters, too, from creditors, politely intimating that the day of payment has arrived; and letters from debtors as politely rejoining that "they wish they may get it."

Letters from "Victoria, greeting," to

gentlemen, who (alas! for their disloyalty) would far rather Victoria kept her "greetings" for her own family; angry letters from individuals who address each other in terms of the bitterest hate, and yet, strange to say, have the honour to remain each other's most obedient servant.

Another class of letters, and how numerous they are, are the slanderous letters. Foul lies, indited in the neatest of "hands," and on the creamiest of paper—by spiteful enemies, or

Worse than foe,
An alienated friend ;

too frequently by those who are our own kith and kin—by those who should have been the last to attack us—the first to defend us from the breath of calumny. Letters in which, by a simple hint, by a trumpery insinuation, by the mere stroke of a pen, the purest characters, the noblest reputations have been and daily are irretrievably branded with an eternal infamy!

What will be the destiny of all these letters, I wonder? Statistically speaking, it is said that the average amount of letters delivered in a year amounts to 593,000,000.

It is impossible that all these letters can reach their destination. We know that letters do miscarry even in the best regulated post offices ; but I think that if I could have my way, I would have all the bad ones sent to the dead letter office and there buried, with the evil thoughts that gave them birth.

HOW TO BE A GENTLEMAN FOR SIXPENCE.

WHAT is a gentleman ? Of all questions that have been asked since the beginning of the world, none has been found so hard to answer as this. What is a gentleman ? I am aware that some five hundred years back one Wat Tyler was in the habit of asking

When Adam delved and Eve span—
Who was then the gentleman ?

But then he was a rude and rebellious blacksmith, and, of course, knew nothing at all about the matter.

We are taught in the syntax of our Latin grammar.

*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros—*

But that gives us no idea of what the

"ingenuas artes" may be. The "first gentleman in Europe" undoubtedly considered that, among other things, the invention of a shoe-buckle ought to be classed under this heading. Perhaps he might have thought that the cutting of old friends was not altogether inconsistent with the idea. Beau Brummell probably held opinions very similar to those of his royal master, until he was cut himself, and then he didn't seem to think that a little personality levelled at the head of his former patron was entirely out of place. In "Bleak House," to be sure, there is a "Model of gentlemanly deportment," who felt relieved that even "in these degenerate days, deportment was not wholly trodden under foot by mechanics."

But then Mr. Turveydrop is a fictitious character. And I hardly know how far he is to be taken as an authority. Else I might be inclined to attribute to him the authorship of a little book which lies before me, and which is in every way worthy of his gifted pen.

This little book has the two-fold merit of being small and cheap. It has a title—though the author is anonymous—but I shall take leave to re-christen it, and to affix to it a designation which will, in my humble opinion, be infinitely more appropriate. I shall call it “How to be a Gentleman for Sixpence.” Yes, reader, for that infinitesimal coin has this benefactor of the world condescended to come down from the high position which he undoubtedly occupies in the fashionable sphere, in order to instruct us barbarians in all the arts and graces which go to make up a finished “gentleman.”

I should mention at the outset that the author has embellished his work with two remarkable illustrations—from a philanthropic desire, perhaps, that even the most illiterate might at least derive pictorial instruction as to the all important subject of which he treats. The first of these represents a gentleman standing on a balustrade, about ten yards off a lady, to whom he is bowing ob-

sequiously. Both are attired in the costume of the sixteenth century, and both are looking equally sheepish. The scene of the other is laid in a modern drawing-room. It depicts a young gentleman in a dresscoat, and with his hat in his hand, stepping back to allow a young lady in her bonnet to pass him, while an elderly lady in weeds extends her right arm between the two benignantly. Whether the gentleman has been calling on the lady, and why, if so, he should have worn his dresscoat, or whether the lady in the bonnet has been calling on the gentleman and why, if so, he should have his hat in his hand, or whether they are husband and wife and have both been calling on the lady in weeds, and why, if so, they should bow to one another, and why the old lady should bless them in the act, are problems which I am totally unable to solve.

Our author commences his book with a terrible picture of the plights in which an awkward person, *i. e.* one who has not studied

these pages, finds himself on entering society for the first time. "Such a person at dinner seats himself on the edge of a chair, at so great a distance from the table that he frequently drops what he is about to take while conveying it to his mouth."

At tea, we are told, he places his handkerchief on his lap, scalds his mouth, drops his cup or saucer, &c., and are assured that "a due observance of the following hints," *i. e.* again, a perusal of the book, will suffice to prevent such unhappy catastrophes. But, it appears, these are not the only ways in which we may sin against the laws of Etiquette. We are warned especially against "forgetting names," by which it is incontestably shown that no man who is cursed with a bad memory can be a "gentleman." We are "never to begin a story which we cannot finish," and we are to be very particular never, no *never*, to answer only "Yes or No, without adding Sir, or Madam." Up to the time of reading this sentence it had been,

I confess, my opinion that it was only usual for servants, shopmen, and school-boys thus to address their employers, customers, and masters respectively. I had imagined at any rate that it was rather an affectation to be continually introducing these distinctions among our ordinary acquaintance. But of course the Author of "How to be a Gentleman for Sixpence" must know best, and I bow to his superior judgment.

Let us see what else there is for us to avoid. We are to avoid "standing with our back to the fire" (though the glass is at 5 and the Serpentine frozen;) we are to avoid "humming tunes," which convinces me how much less of a "gentleman" Mr. Chick was than his brother-in-law Mr. Dombey; we are to avoid "drawing figures on the table," which, being an act so frequently indulged in by the uninitiated in the manners of polite society, it was of course highly necessary to warn us against. "For either of these," adds

our mentor, in his moral, "shows a contempt for the persons who are present."

So much for General Principles—we are now offered something more specific. And first as to dinners, for even "gentlemen" must eat, or as our author more elegantly expresses it, "eating and drinking are naturally indispensable, but, as we have those propensities in common with inferior animals, Man has a natural desire to assert the superior dignity of his nature by aiming at a higher degree of perfection." You must first catch your hare before you can cook it, and you must necessarily receive an invitation to dinner before you can accept it. We will suppose that these preliminaries have been settled. When the day arrives, we are told to be punctual to the exact time "stated in our invite," as inattention in this particular will cause us to appear "ignorant of the usages of society." There is some sound sense in this advice, but even I, in my semi-ignorance, can

hardly admit it to be in strict accordance with the rules of Etiquette.

If my memory does not deceive me, it has generally been thought *haut ton*, at whatever parties I have been, to arrive considerably *after* the appointed time. Mr. Punch, from whose opinion on such subjects there can be no appeal, has a capital hit at one of these intensely gentlemanly young gentlemen.

The young man has been invited to dinner at seven o'clock and accordingly makes his appearance at a little past the half-hour. To his great surprise he is being ushered into the dining-room where to his still greater surprise he is greeted by the hostess in these words, "Oh, Mr. —, we are delighted to see you—though you're a little late. You see the meat has just gone down, so shall I give you a little tart?"

But to continue. "When all the guests are assembled we shall probably be introduced to a lady to conduct to the dining-room. But if the hostess fails to provide us with a

partner, it is our duty," we are told, "to select one to whom our attentions appear likely to prove agreeable." At the same time we are warned that "though we are bound to pay the greatest attention to the lady we have escorted to the table, we are carefully to avoid an appearance of too marked attention." This is really a most timely admonition. Let us take it to heart. Matches have been made up in dining-rooms ere now and on the most trivial pretexts. Who knows, for instance, to what dire results the question (simple as it is) of "Will you take a little, Duck," might lead if put in a hesitating manner? or what a too tender reference to the "chops" or "tomatoes" might engender? Let us profit by the example of the lamented Mr. Pickwick.

To proceed, "when once we are seated at table," we are warned above all things "not to cough or blow our nose!!" I should have thought on the first blush of it that to carry out the first of these pieces of advice

was impossible, and to carry out the second disgusting. But of course Etiquette is superior to bodily ailments. What though through the suppression of a natural impulse the victim got choked to death? He would have the satisfaction of knowing that he died a "gentleman."

"We are not to bend over our plates," (query, not even to say Grace) nor are we to "spill the sauce on the cloth" (which, of course, we should be certain to do if our author hadn't told us not); we are "not to dip our knives into the salt-cellar" (which is a death-blow to the French who have always piqued themselves on their "politesse"); and we are to "avoid mixing different kinds of meat upon the same plate." Alas! alas! I have ever had a penchant for taking tongue with my chicken, sausages with my turkey, and bacon with my veal, but I find I must indulge in that vulgar habit no longer or forfeit for ever the title of a True Gentleman!

We are now brought to the dessert and

with it to the wine. "If we are invited to take wine," we are told "never to refuse, as this would be considered a mark of great rudeness." But supposing we are disciples of George Cruikshank? Supposing we look upon every drop of alcohol as one more milestone on the road to ruin? Are we to turn apostates and disown the pledge? Are we to lay conscience, honour, and principle in one almighty sacrifice at the altar of Etiquette?

This brings the dinner to a close, and we are now treated to certain rules and regulations for our guidance out of doors. Thus: In walking we are "not to proceed at too rapid a pace." What, then, it may be asked, if we are in a hurry to catch the last express?

Trains, we know, equally with Time and Tide, wait for no man; that is to say, for no ordinary man. It is possible that they may wait for the followers of this book of Etiquette. In meeting a friend out of doors we are "not to accost him loudly—in a manner to attract the passers-by, but

quietly, taking care that, if we address him by name, we may not be overheard by strangers." The hearty way in which Smith claps Jones on the shoulder, as the friends meet in Piccadilly after a ten years' absence, and the cheery voice with which he bids him "come and take a chop at one, old boy, in remembrance of "Auld Lang Syne," won't do for the Student of Gentlemanly Deportment. Such familiarity in public is low—decidedly low. Jones should control his emotions until they are out of hearing. Friendship, affection, and so forth, may be all very well in their way, but they should always be subservient to the rules of Etiquette. But these observations seem to apply more particularly to the rougher sex. "Should the friend we meet be a lady, the recognition should first proceed from her, unless, indeed, we are on very intimate terms; but even in this case it is better to follow the strict etiquette, for it may so happen by chance, to be *inconvenient for the lady to acknowledge us.*" To my mind there

is something rather suspicious in the above intimation. It being inconvenient for a lady to acknowledge a gentleman with whom she is acquainted, must imply that she is either too proud to acknowledge him, or else—if the truth must be said—that their relative positions are somewhat equivocal. In the former case I should feel inclined *not* to notice the lady the next time she found it convenient to notice me, and, as to the latter, why, I can only say, which of course shows my extreme vulgarity, that I have never been placed in such an unfortunate situation.

These then, are some of the precepts put forth in this remarkable work. Mr. Montagu Chambers humorously observed in one of his speeches that a clod might go in at Moses and Sons' well-known emporium, and come out in his own estimation a perfect gentleman. What Moses and Son do for the dress of the clod, this book apparently does for his manners, and there are, doubtless, persons who will go in for the perusal of it, and come

away under the comfortable conviction that they are finished to a T. Far be it from me to wish to dispel their illusion. As for myself, I can only confess to being somewhat sceptical. "Manners makyth Man," says the quaint old distich over the gateway at New College, Oxford, but I do not think that they are the "manners" which are recommended in this book. Rather do I hold with the great and good Earl of Chatham, when he wrote:—

"Bowling, ceremonies, formal compliments will never be politeness. That must be easy, natural, and unstudied."

Or, to take a more modern writer, as Kingsley says in one of the noblest of his sermons—

"The right to be called 'Gentlemen' and 'Ladies,' is something which the world did not give, and cannot take away. But St. Paul and the Lord Jesus explain what this is. They tell us how every one of us, down to the poorest and most ignorant man or woman,

may become true gentlemen and ladies in the sight of God, and of all reasonable men; and that not only in this world, but after death, for ever, and ever, and ever. And that is: 'By Charity—By Love!'

Or again, as Thackeray puts it—

“Which of us can point out many gentlemen in his circle? men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind, but elevated to a degree; whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy, for small and great? We all know a hundred whose coats are very well made, and a score who have excellent manners—but of gentlemen, how many?”

Ere concluding, I would do my author the justice of quoting his last sentence, which has the singular merit of being entirely at variance with almost everything that goes before—

“Nature” (he writes) “does not stand in need of ornaments, and we are never so ridi-

culous by the qualities we really possess, as by the affectation of those we have not.”

If the author had only acted up to these sentiments throughout his book, he would have been the wiser, and his readers none the worse.

COMPARING NOTES WITH AN OLD
TRAVELLER.

ABOUT the year 1702, one M. Veryard, M.D., published an account of his travels in France. It may be as well to remember the date—and for these reasons. There are certain wags who, whenever they wish to ridicule us for informing them of anything with which they are already acquainted, are in the habit of inquiring if we are aware that Queen Anne is dead—a piece of irony which is irresistible. Now if the death of that good lady whom historians all agree to call “good,” by way of comparison, I presume, to her predecessors—Mary and Elizabeth—in 1714, is to be regarded as a thing of the past, much more then (to quote Euclid) shall her accession in

1702 be considered in that light. It was at least ten years before the appearance of "the Spectator," before Addison had written that scathing satire of his (in No. 45) anent "French Fashions," it was full sixty years before Mr. Sterne commenced his sentimental potterings between Dover and Paris.

Dr. Veryard had therefore comparatively an open field for his lucubrations. It may be worth while for one who has lately been over the same ground to compare notes with him, with the view of ascertaining a little about the sister country a hundred and sixty years ago. I do not anticipate that his observations will be found very deep, but at any rate they are original; he had no Murray to crib from. Of course his first night in Paris is disturbed by a ghost; that is to say, he didn't see the ghost himself, but he had no sooner got into bed, than the gentleman with whom he shared his bedroom proceeded to inform him that the night before, about midnight, "something went and threw itself on

the bed in which he lay, giving three of the most hideous groans he ever heard." This, he "was very confident, was some unquiet spirit, for as it grew light he found the door fastened with two bolts as he had left it." And, says Dr. Veryard, "I could not attribute this to an effect of melancholy in the gentleman, he being of a quite different temper; nor to the phantom of a brain distempered by immoderate drink, it being a thing he wholly declined." The gentleman appears to have thought that some one had been murdered in the place, and staid there two or three nights more, but he heard no more of it. "For my part," adds the doctor, "I shifted lodgings next morning without making any inquiry about it."

As soon as he was lodged in safer quarters he began his survey of the city. He found, to begin with, that "Paris, though not quite as big as London, was no less populous!" Truly, we "cockneys" have increased and multiplied since then, with a vengeance!

“ Among the most considerable places,” he remarked, “ was the Bastille, whither all such as have been anyways obnoxious to the government are sent, where their examination, trial, and execution is commonly managed with so much secrecy that their friends and relations seldom hear more of them. The keepers tell such as inquire after them, that they are in health, or dead of a natural death ; when, perhaps, they were beheaded, or hanged, twenty years before.”

Thank God ! that loathsome den has fallen, and nought but a lofty column stands to mark its site. At Paris he had a view of the famous Madame de Maintenon, about whom he observes, “ The people fancy her married to the king ; but on what grounds I know not. Her age and features are not so charming, but her parts are so extraordinary that she passes for the wisest of her sex.” Yet, in spite of Dr. Veryard, I think I am justified in affirming that Madame de Maintenon was privately married to the king in the year

1685, by the Archbishop of Paris, and in the presence of Père la Chaise, and two other witnesses.

At Chartres, about whose magnificent cathedral he cared but little, he speaks of a temple erected long before the birth of Christ, in honour of a Virgin who was to conceive. "The altar," he continues, "which St. Paul found at Athens, dedicated to the unknown Gods, shows that the Pagans had a greater idea of the Divinity than they could well express, but here they seem to have had a prophetic spirit too."

From Tours he made the usual excursion to the Abbey of Marmoustier, where he inspected the "vessel of oil brought from heaven, as they say, by Severus Sulpitius, to cure St. Martin's wounds." The abbey, though it still retains the name, is now quite a ruin. The oil, too, has disappeared. Unluckily, as some think, for King Henry, the same oil which had cured the saintly sores was used for anointing the regal head.

In the quaint, dirty, tumble-down city of Poitiers, Dr. Veryard detected a marvel which escaped my observation. It consisted in a stone 25 feet high, 60 in compass, and supported by 5 small ones. "Some will needs have S. Aldegonde to have brought it hither on her shoulders with the five supporters in her apron, and that, letting one fall by the way, the devil took it up, and following her to the place where she erected the stone on four pillars, set the fifth in the middle; but as cunning artificer as he is he could not make it touch the great stone by an inch, *nor does it to this day.*"

Of the many venerable old churches with which Poitiers abounds, such, *par example*, as St. Radegonde with its wonderful relics, its empty coffin, which once contained the saint's body and which is still guaranteed to cure the diseases of the faithful to the utter discomfiture of the Poitiers physicians, our traveller has nothing to say.

At the picturesque though scorching town of Angoulême, he has this story—"Near this city was fought a battle between Clovis, the first Christian King of France, and Alaric, King of the West Goths, in which the latter was killed by the hands of the former, and the country soon after cleared of those barbarians. But Angoulême obstinately standing out after the defeat, the walls of the town are said to have fallen by a miracle, whereupon the inhabitants were obliged to quit their pretensions."

At the little town of Libourne he mentions a phenomenon in the shape of a "rowing wave of the bigness of a tun, which overturns all ships, or whatever lies in its way, which is heard at three leagues distance, and at sound of which not only do mariners secure their ships in the middle of the channel, but swans, geese, and ducks, by more than ordinary instinct, leave the water!" This, however, he warns us, "he did not see himself," so that

readers are permitted to believe as much of it as they like, which I imagine will not be an "ower big bit."

At Bordeaux, he visited the church of St. Severin, where he saw "divers ancient tombs, amongst which there is an hollow one supported by four small pillars, in which the water is said to increase and decrease with the moon;" but, unfortunately, in this case "his short stay hindered him from making the observation." This church appears to be rich in marvels. Children, I was informed, are frequently brought here in order to acquire corporeal vigour, which, it is said, the bones of some saint (some "muscular Christian," it is presumed), must be able to impart.

Toulouse, as all Pyrenean pilgrims know, is the last place from which they can gaze upon the shadowy outline of the mighty peaks and ridges they have left behind. It is a quiet, sober-looking town enough in all conscience, possessing one of the best museums in France, and, according to the Catholics, containing

the holiest place in the whole world. “Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus”—quam, the crypt of St. Sernin’s church. Yet, here is a horrible affair which transpired during our traveller’s stay in the town. “A company of thieves designing to break into a certain shop in the night-time, opened a hole in the side of a brick wall big enough for one to enter; but as they were at work, the noise alarmed the people within, who, perceiving whereabouts they were opening their passage, expected them in the shop. The hole being finished, the man came in with his legs foremost, whom the people within seized when his body was about half through, and held him fast in the hole, and the passage being quite stopped up, the others without could by no means set him at liberty. Meanwhile, one of the servants called the watch, but before they could get thither the rogues were all fled, excepting him in the hole, whom they found without a head! for, it seems, his companions finding it impossible to get him thence *had cut it off and*

carried it away with them, that he might not be known, nor drawn by threats or promises to discover the rest."

"The climate of Montpellier," Dr. Veryard found "extremely serene and temperate." To this proposition, I do not feel at all inclined to assent. Two more wretched, dreary, rainy days than those which I have spent there, I cannot remember. I am aware that the gay and glittering Torquay—resort alike of those who are addicted to debility and those who are addicted to balls—has been compared unto Montpellier. But this is an insult which in the name of the Torquayians I stand forth to resent. Be it observed, however, that our traveller is an M.D., and probably the number of catarrhs, colds, and consumptions, which the united agency of wind and rain must induce, enabled him, from a professional point of view, to consider Montpellier favoured with the very best of climates. The climate, however, serene as it was, did not improve his opinion of the lady inhabitants. "The

women of this city," he says, "are generally of very free and open conversation, and withal, so very wanton that it passes into a proverb—

“ ‘ *Les femmes de Montpellier sont si savantes qu'elles n'apprennent rien de nouveau le jour de leurs nocés.* ’ ”

The Ecole de Médecin which contains the robe with which Rabelais was installed had far greater charms for him. Concerning that jolly, filthy, philosophical, comical, satirical, medical, theological, mirth-provoking, care-dispelling monk-author, he gives us the following anecdote— .

“ No one can commence Doctor (at the Ecole) till he has seven times received and worn the gown and cap of Rabelais. This ceremony is performed in memory of that zealous asserter of the privileges of the King, on the account of some disorders committed by the scholars. Rabelais espousing their cause takes a journey to Paris, and going to the chancellor's house salutes the porter at the gate in Latin, who, taking him for a fool, or

a madman, calls one of the domestics, who understood that language—but Rabelais hearing him speak Latin answered him in Greek; whereupon they brought another that spoke Greek, whom he answered in Hebrew, and a third that understood Hebrew he accosts in Syriac, Arabic, and Chaldee. Having thus sported with the inferior officers, and drained all the science at the house, he was brought before the chancellor, where having made a learned speech in favour of the students, their privileges were all restored, to the great satisfaction of all concerned.” Upon his tomb it is said the following epitaph is engraven—

Pluto, prince o' the dark abyss,
Where laughter a mere stranger is ;
Take Rabelais and waft him off,
Believe me, you'll have cause to laugh.

That which chiefly attracted our traveller's notice at Avignon was the “Jew's quarter,” easily found out, he tells us, “by the smell, being the most sordid, nasty part of the city, and, indeed, a *meer Jakes (!!!)* nor is it their

streets alone that are filled with dirt, their houses within are as filthy and ill housewived, and that" (oh! most bigoted Dr. Veryard!) not only here but in most other parts where Jews reside." What, alack! and is this true? Tell me, oh! ye who dine with David Salomons; inform me, oh! ye visitors at 148, Piccadilly.

In the eyes of John Murray, or whoever the accomplished gentleman may be who writes travels in his name, in the eyes of Charles Dickens, and in the eyes of your very humble servant, the ancient palace of the popes is an edifice rich in associations. But not in the eyes of Dr. Veryard. "It had little worth our curiosity," he writes, "but a silver bell which is never rung but at the death or election of a pope."

It is true that that awful massacre of 1791, when sixty miserable persons — men and women — alike fell a sacrifice to the blinded fury of a mob — did not occur till long after our traveller's death. But why had he

nothing to say of those gloomy dungeons, those winding labyrinths, that dreadful salle, cunningly contrived to stifle the cries of its wretched inmates—that ruined furnace, where the instruments of their torture were heated—those stones, which echoed to their footsteps, all bearing trace of the once terrible, once powerful inquisition ?

Dr. Veryard sums up his book with an account of the “present state of France, the temper, manners, and customs of its people.” And first of the Government—“the Government is at present wholly arbitrary and unlimited, for *sic volo, sic jubeo*, is the usual reasoning of state, and all procedures of the civil magistrate pre-suppose an *ultima ratio regum*. The people seem well enough satisfied, at least, dare not for their lives murmur; for he that has taught them to obey has the whole power in his own hands to keep them within the bounds prescribed.” One might easily imagine that this description of the French Government was dated 1863. For it

would hold equally good at the present time. Of the people themselves he writes:—"The French are, generally speaking, very curious, confident, inquisitive, credulous, facetious, rather witty than wise, eternal babblers ; and, in a word, they are at all times what an Englishman is when he is *half drunk* (!!) " Then, we are told, "if they invite you to a dinner or collation, they do it with all the ceremony and seeming freeheartedness imaginable, though all the while it's no more than a piece of complaisance, and esteemed mere rudeness and ill-breeding to accept of the invitation." Notwithstanding this, Dr. Veryard is sorely afraid that his countrymen are "strangely infatuated with, and fond of, whatever bears the name of French. My lord's peruke sits not well till monsieur has had a hand in it, and my lady relishes not her victuals till they are served with a French sauce. The ribands, lace, perfumes, paints, and ladies' dresses, with an infinity of other trifles, turn to their incredible benefit, insomuch that

divers persons at Paris that deal in these toyish commodities have been known to have got an hundred thousand pounds sterling in less than ten years time," which, he assures us dolefully, "is a convincing argument of their neighbour's *dementation*, and their own dexterity, in taking them on the blind side and putting a high value on their goods."

Even the "language" of our gay neighbours sticks in Dr. Veryard's throat. "It is a corruption of the Latin, soft, effeminate, and better becoming a woman than a man."

Ah! my good doctor, pity you didn't live a hundred and fifty years later. A short course of study under Tarver, or Nugent, or De Porquet, or even the anonymous advertiser of "Parlez-vous-Francais," or "French in Half-a-Lesson," might have made you more proficient in the lingo, or, at any rate, would have opened your heart towards those who speak it.

FLOWERS THAT BLUSH UNSEEN.

“FULL many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air,” singeth Thomas Gray. Let me cull you a bouquet of these blushing beauties. Though the flowers which compose it are two hundred years old and the vases which embalm them are battered and broken, let us hope that their hues are not faded, and that the “scent of the roses will cling to them still.”

To drop metaphor permit me to extract, from a few shabby old volumes with broken backs and yellow pages, some of the choicest effusions of the minor minstrels of the seventeenth century.

Let us begin with Mr. Thomas Randolph,*

* Poems by Tho. Randolph, M. A., and late Fellow of Trinity Col.—in Cambridge. LONDON, Printed in the yeere, 1643.

Master of Arts. This gentleman was the author of "The Muses' Looking-Glasse" and other Comedies of more or less celebrity, but it is with his poems chiefly with which I am concerned. Mr. Randolph appears, from his title-page, to have been a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, but he is not disposed to attribute his poetical acquirements to the teaching of his Alma Mater.

"Would you commence a poet, sir, and be
A graduate in the threadbare mystery,
The Oxes-ford will no man thither bring,
Where the horse-hoof raised the Pegasian spring.
Nor will the bridge through which low Cham doth run
Direct you to the banks of Helicon ;
If in that art you mean to take degrees
Bedlam's the best of Universities."

It has been said that "*poeta nascitur non fit*," but it seems that there is a "royal road" to Parnassus though the wards of a madhouse. Like many other poets, both ancient and modern, he appears to have experienced the pangs of poverty. He treats the matter in a philosophical spirit, however, and observes with grim humour

"Hexameter's no sterling, and I fear
What the brain coins goes scarce for current there."

and again

"Or, if I now were hurrying to the Jail,
Are the nine muses held sufficient bail?"

As a natural consequence he is pestered with
duns, whose pressing demands rouse his bit-
terest ire.

"These evil spirits haunt me every day
And will not let me eat, study, or pray;
I am so much in *their* books that 'tis known,
I am too seldome frequent in my owne:
What damage given to my doors might be,
If doors might actions have of battery."

And after invoking all sorts of horrors on
their heads, he brings them to a climax
with

"But my last Imprecation this shall be
May they more Debtors have like me!"

But his poems are not all egotistic. *Place
aux dames*, and here is something very touch-
ing and tender in honour of "the Ladies."

"He is a parricide to his mother's name,
And with an impious hand murders her fame
That wrongs the praise of woman, that dares write
Libels on Saints, or with foule ink requite
The milk they lent us; Better sex command
To your defence my more religious hand."

This is perhaps meant a little ironically.

“Boast we of knowledge? You have more than we
You were the first ventured to pluck the tree,
And that more *Rhetorick* in your *tongues* doth ly,
Let him dispute against that dares deny
Your least commands ;”

But he atones for it afterwards.

“Thus, perfect creatures, if detraction rise
Against your sex dispute but with your eyes
Your hand, your lip, your brow, there will be sent
So subtile and so strong an argument,
Will teach the Stoic his affection too
And call the Cinick from his tub to woo.”

That he has an eye for the lovely in nature
will be seen from this blithesome ditty written
to a friend in the country.

Come, spurre away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down,
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
I will the country see
Where old simplicity,
Though hid in gray,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewell, you city witts, that are
Almost at civill warre,
'Tis time that I grew wise when all the world grows mad,
More of my dayes
I will not spend to gain an idiot's praise,
Or to make sport
With some slight puny of the Innes of Court.

Then, worthy Stafford, say
 How shall we spend the day,
 With what delights
 Shorten the nights?
 When from this tumult we are got secure
 Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
 Yet shall no longer lose
 Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.
 There from the tree
 We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry,
 And every day
 Go see the wholesome countrey girls make hay,
 Whose brown hath lovelier grace
 Than any painted face
 That I do know
 Hyde Park can show,
 Where I had rather gain a kisse than meet
 (Though some of them in greater state
 Might court my love with plate),
 The beauties of the cheap and wives of Lombard Street

A pleasant picture, is it not? Happy poet,
 plucking cherries, and picking strawberries,
 and flirting with "wholesome countrey girls,"
 albeit you are a little severe on the (oh,
 pudor!) *painted* belles of Hyde Park and
 Lombard Street. I shall conclude my ex-
 tracts from Mr. Randolph with quotations
 from two graceful eulogies. The first is upon
 "The Lady Venetia Digby"—

"Beauty itself lies here, in whom alone
 Each part enjoyed the same perfection.

In some the eyes we praise, in some the hair,
 In her the lips, in her the cheeks are fair,
 That Nymph's fine feet ; her hands we beauteous call
 But in *this* form we praise *no part*, but *all*.
 The ages past have many beauties shown,
 And I more plenty in our time have known ;
 But in the age to come I look for none ;
 Nature despairs because her pattern's gone."

the next to " M. Endymion Porter " —

" Goe, bashful muse, thy message is to one
 That drinks and fills thy Helicon,

* * * *

Sing of his faith to the bright soul that's fled,
 And left you all poor girls struck dead,
 With just despair of any future men,
 T' employ or to reward a pen,
 A soul that staying would have wonders wrought
 High as himself or his great thought,
 And full of days and honours (with our prayers
 Instead of beads summed up with tears),
 Might of her own free flight to Heav'n have gone
 Offer what's heart, his hand, his sword had done.
 But sing not thou a tale of discontent
 To him whose joy is to lament.

* * * *

Say to him, Cupid being once too kinde,
 Wept out his eyes, and so grew blinde,
 For dead Adonis, grief being paid her due,
 He turned love's wanton God, and so do you."

Mr. John Cleavland seems to have been a
 poet of consummate modesty. Not only are

his own name and that of his printer absent from the title-page, but the place of publication also, and his effusions accordingly appear as "Poems by J. C. Printed in the year 1651." None of the poems, indeed, exhibit signs of power, but there are few of which the author need have been ashamed—

"Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs,"

sang the Swan of Avon, some fifty years before, and it is in amatory matters that our poet excels.

Here is an extract from a dashing love-song which would have rejoiced the heart of Tom Moore,—

Come hither Apollo's bouncing girle,
And in a whole Hippocrene of sherry
Let's drink around till our brains do whirl,
Tuning our pipes to make ourselves merry.
A Cambridge lass, Venus-like born of the froth,
Of an old half-filled jug of barley broth,
She, she's my mistress, her suitors are many,
But shee'll have a square-cap if ere she have any.

And first for the Plush sake the Monmouth cap coms,
Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
When his new-fangled oath, by Jupiter's thumbs,
That to her health hee'll begin a pottle,

He tells her that after the death of his grannam
 He shall have God knows what per annum,
 But still, she replies, ' Good Sir Labee,
 If ever I have a man, square-cap for me.'

Then Calot Leather Cap strongly pleads,
 And fain would derive the pedigree of Fashion,
 The Antipodes wear their shoes on their heads,
 And why may not we in their imitation ?
 Oh, how this football noddle would please,
 If it were but well tost on St. Thomas his lees,
 But still, she replied, ' Good Sir Labee,
 If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me.'

Next comes a Puritan in a wrought cap,
 With a long-wasted conscience towards a sister,
 And making a Chappel of Ease of her lap,
 First he said grace, and then he kist her,
 Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my text,
 Then falls he to use and application next.
 But then, she replied, ' Your text, sir, I'll be,
 For then I'm sure you'll ne'er handle me.'

But see, where Sattain-cap scouts about,
 And fain would this wench in his fellowship marry,
 He told her how such a man was not put out,
 Because his wedding he closely did carry.
 Hee'l purchase Induction by Simony,
 And offer her money her incombent to be,
 But still, she replied, ' Good Sir Labee,
 If ever I have a man Square-cap for me.'

The lawyer's a sophister by his round cap,
 Nor in their fallacies are they divided ;
 The one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
 And yet this wench he fain would have bridged.
 Come, leave these thread-bare schollers, quoth he,
 And give me livery and seison of thee ;

But peace, John-o Nokes, * and leave your oration,
For I never will be your impropriation.
I pray you, therefore, good sir, Labee,
If ever I have a man, Square cap for me."

Kisses have been fertile subjects for the erotic poets. Amorous old Herrick wrote some delicious verses on "Love's sweetest language;" Secundus composed a whole book in Latin, in honour of the "Basia;" Aphra Behn considered them as "breezes breathed amid the groves of ripening spices on the height of day;" with Dryden they were "like drops of honey;" and with Moore, "ruin's sweet, when they undid him." But of all sweet little trifles ever penned in honour of a kiss, commend me to the following, to Mrs. K. T., who asked him why he was dumb:

"I'll tell you how I did become
So strangely (as you hear me) dumb.

"As soon as blest with your salute
My manners taught me to be mute;
For, less they cancel all the bliss,
You signed with so divine a kiss,
The lips you seal must needs consent
Unto the tongue's imprisonment.

* John-o-Nokes—a fictitious name used in law proceedings. *Grose's Glossary.*

“ Oh ! listen with attentive sight,
To what my prattling eyes indite ;
Or (lady) since 'tis in your choice
To give or to suspend my voice
With the same key, let ope the door
Wherewith you lock'd it fast before ;
Kiss once again, and when you thus
Have doubly been miraculous,
My muse shall write with Handmaid's duty,
The golden legend of your beauty.”

Richard Wild,* doctor of divinity, presents us with a tasty little volume, containing all his poems “ hitherto extant, and some added in the year 1671.” From among them I would select a stanza or two from a smart *jeu-d'esprit* on “ the gross mistake of a reverend son of the Church, in bowing at the name of Judas at St. Paul's, November 5, 1663.”

“ You, the present Lord Mayor
And brethren repair
With the several corporations,
To St. Paul's church to pray,
And solemnize the day
That so seasonably saved the three nations.

* Poems, being an exact collection of all hitherto extant, and some added : never printed before this year, 1671. The author, R. Wild, D.D., London ; printed for R. R. and W. C., and are to be sold in St. Paul's Churchyard, and at the Exchange.

“But good doctor ——
 When he came before ye
 The sacred gospel to read ;
 At Judas, his name,
 (O, horrible shame)
 He bowed his reverend head.

“Some say that his sight
 (Poor man) is not right,
 I wish that it be no worse ;
 But others think he,
 To Judas bowed the knee,
 For love that he bears to the purse.

* * * * *

“What, then, shall we say ;
 Can he preach, can he pray,
 Or put to rebuke the gainsayer,
 Who, in reading the word,
 Discerns not our Lord,
 From him that was his betrayer.”

Let us hope that the squib took effect, and that Dr.——was not “caught napping” again. The following epitaphs are quaint enough.

AN EPITAPH FOR A GODLY MAN'S TOMB.

“Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
 A vein of Gold, a China Dish that must
 Be used in Heav'n, when God shall feast the just.”

AN EPITAPH FOR A WICKED MAN'S TOMB.

“Here lies the Carkase of a Cursed Sinner
 Doom'd to be roasted for the Devil's Dinner.”

There is much genuine pathos evinced in this

tribute to the memory of an old country Squire. I am the more happy to quote it, as I believe that there are those still alive who bear his name.

UPON THE DEATH OF DENNIS BOND, ESQ.
WHO DIED FOUR DAYES BEFORE THE LORD-PROTECTOR.

“ While Grief doth chime All-in, and every Tube
Eycleped, Mayor and Aldermen, subscribe
(Or make their Marks at least) how full of sadness
That Oliver is dead, and eke of gladness
That Richard reigns
. . I by that Great Ghost's leave, am well content
To wait upon a meaner monument.

Yet fit to stand by this if not above
As having, though less Pomp, yet no less love ;
'Tis Dennis Bond, that true bred English Squire
Whose worth, if my rude Fancy should aspire
To reach the sinews : just, pious, valiant, wise
Able for council or for enterprize ;

* * * * *

“ Atlas of State ! oh ! if king Charles that's gone,
Instead of Digby and old Cottington,
Had had one Dennis : he had stood till now,
And kept the crown fast on his royal brow.
Cromwell could not outlive him ; So our State
In one week lost their Pilot, and his Mate.

* * * * *

“ Adieu ! brave Bond ! My aged muse shall burn
Her with' red Laurels at thy Sacred Urn.
Live thine own Monument, and scorn a stone ;
Marbles themselves have flaws, thy Name has none.”

The low opinion which Mr. Thomas Flatman,* appears to entertain of his own powers disarms all criticism. He is not content with placing on his title-page the lines from Virgil.

“ Me quoque Vatem
Dicunt pastores, sed non ego credulus illis;”

which for the benefit of my lady readers may be thus Anglicized: The shepherds call me also a poet, *but I don't believe them.*

He actually goes out of his way to depreciate the Art to which he is devoted. In his “poor opinion” it is but “an innocent help to pass a man's time when it lies on his hands, and his fancy can relish nothing else.” His utmost end in writing verse was for his “own diversion, and that of a few friends “whom he very well loved.” If he is asked “why these productions are exposed” he “may truly say” he “could not help it; one unlucky copy, like a Bell-weather, stole into the Common, and the rest of the flock took

* Poems and Songs By THOMAS FLATMAN, LONDON: Printed for BENJAMIN TOOKE, at the Ship, in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1682.

the opportunity to leave the Enclosure." His friends however appear to have thought differently, for in certain odes addressed to him on the publication of his book, I find that he is spoken of in such terms as "a happy wit," "the darling son of Heaven," that "Ovid might have seen in his verse the style of which his precepts should have been," that "he is to have infallible eternity," and next unto Cowley "immortally shall shine." Presuming, therefore, that his friends knew him better than he knew himself, we will treat him as one who had not only attempted but had actually made some progress up the heights of Parnassus. Let us commence with some lines "in memory of the incomparable ORINDA."

They show much feeling and some of the expressions are very beautiful :

"A long Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble, or brave in Woman-kind ;
To all the Wonders of their wit,
And Trophies of their Mind :

“ The glowing heat of t’holy fire is gone
To th’ Altar whence ’twas kindled, flown ;
There’s nought on earth but ashes left behind :
E’er since the amazing sound was spread—
Orinda’s dead.

“ Every soft and fragrant word,
All that language can afford,
Every high and lofty thing,
That’s wont to set the soul on wing,
No longer with this worthless world would stay.

“ Thus, when the death of the great Pan was told,
Along the shore the dismal tidings roll’d
The lesser gods their fanes forsook,
Confounded with the mighty stroke,
They could not overlive that fatal day,
But sighed and groaned their gasping oracles away.”

The poet next laments that death is common to us all—learned and unlearned alike—and that even when he himself “his artless breath resigns,” his dust will have as much poetry as hers. “Sons of War” are then admonished to throw “their swords and gauntlets by” now that she who “gilded their bayes,” who “burnisht their victorious arms,” and “wrote their praise in heroic numbers,” lies “cold and dead.”

“ With her the soul of poesie is gone,
 Gone, while our expectations flew
 As high a pitch as she has done,
 Exhal'd to Heav'n like early dew,
 Betimes the little shining drops are flown,
 Ere the drowsy world perceived that Manna was
 come down.”

Is this the “ Orinda ” mentioned by Leigh Hunt,* under the name of “ Katherine Phillips,” and to whom are attributed the well-known verses—

“ Opinion is the rate of things
 From hence our peace doth flow ;
 I have a better fate than kings,
 Because I think it so.”

Here is a mournful, melancholy song, about the “ old, old fashion, that came in with our forefathers, and will last unchanged until this world has run its course, and the great firmament is rolled up like a scroll.”

“ Oh ! the sad day
 When friends shall shake their heads and say,
 Of miserable me,
 Hark how he groans, look how he pants for breath,
 See how he struggles with the pangs of death ;

* Vide “ Specimens of British Poetesses.” Page 117, Vol. II. of “ Men, Women, and Books.” By Leigh Hunt. London : Smith and Elder, 1847.

When they shall say of these poor eyes,
 How hollow, and how dim they be,
 Mark how his breast does swell and rise
 Against his potent enemy !

When some old friend shall step to my bedside,
 Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently slide,
 And when his next companions say,
 How does he do ? What hopes ? shall turn away,
 Answering only with a lift up hand,
 Who can his fate withstand ?
 Then shall a gasp or two do more
 Than e'er my Rhetorick could before,
 Persuade the peevish world to trouble me no more."

I like a "Thought on Death," also, albeit
 the metre is somewhat affected.

"When on my sick bed I languish,
 Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
 Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
 Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
 My soul just now about to take her flight,
 Into the regions of eternal night.
 Oh ! tell me you,
 That have been long below,
 What shall I do ?
 What shall I think when cruel death appears,
 That may extenuate my fears !
 Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
 Be not fearful, come away.
 Think with thyself that now thou shalt be free,
 And find thy long expected liberty,
 Better thou mayest, but worse thou canst not be,
 Than in this Vale of Tears and Misery,
 Like Cæsar with assurance that came on
 And unamazed, attempt the Laurel Crown
 That lyes on th' other side Death's Rubicon."

Turn we from grave to gay, from the cypress to the myrtle, from Penseroso to Allegro. Here is a fantastic pastoral on "Coridon Converted"—

When Coridon a slave did lie
Entangled in his Phillis' eye:
How did he sigh ! how did he grone,
How melancholy was his tone !
He told his story to the woods,
And wept his passion by the floods ;
But Phillis, cruel Phillis, too, too blame,
Regarded not his sufferings, nor his flame.

Then Coridon resolved no more
His Mistress' mercy to implore ;
How did he laugh, how did he sing !
How did he make the forests ring ;
He told his conquests to the woods,
And drown'd his passions in the floods ;
Then Phillis, cruel Phillis, less severe,
Would have had him, *but he would none of her.*

The last two lines may be recommended to the attention of all love-lorn (and rejected) suitors ; Coridon in this case appears to have acted up to the admonition of Sir John Suckling—

"Quit, quit, for shame this will not move :
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nought can make her—
The DEVIL TAKE HER !!!"

Doubtless he would have sympathised with Charles Mackay, when he wrote—

“ If her cold indifference move thee,
There are other hearts to love thee ;
Be no longer weary, weary—
Weary, weary, of the world.”

Do any of my readers remember Tommy Moore's merry rhymes, commencing—

“ Come, send round the glass, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools ;
This moment's a flower too rare and too brief
To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools.”

Here are a couple of rattling, rollicking ditties, dashed off in the same spirit—

“ Now that the World is all in amaze,
Drums and trumpets rending heaven,
Wounds a bleeding, mortals dying,
Widows and orphans piteously crying ;
Armies marching, towns in a blaze,
Kingdoms and States at sixes and sevens,
What should an honest fellow do,
Whose courage and fortunes run equally low ?
Let him live, say I, till his glass be run,
As easily as he may.
Let the wine and the sand of his glass flow together,
For Life's but a Winter's day ;
Alas, from Sun to Sun,
The Time's very short—very dirty the weather,
And we silently creep away.
Let him nothing do he would wish undone,
And sleep himself safe from the noise of the gun.”

II.

“ Why so serious, why so grave ?
 Man of business, why so muddy
 Thyself from chance thou can'st not save
 With all thy care and study—
 Look merrily then and take thy repose,
 For 'tis to no purpose to look so forlorn ;
 Since the world was as bad before thou wert born
 And when it will mend who knows ?
 And a thousand years hence 'tis all one
 If thou lay'st on a dunghill, or satest on a throne.

“ To be troubled, to be sad
 Carking Mortal 'tis a folly,
 For a pound of pleasure's not so bad
 As an ounce of melancholy :
 Since all our lives long we travel towards death
 Let us rest us sometimes, and bait by the way,
 'Tis but dying at last ; in our race let us stay
 And we shan't be so soon out of breath.
 Sit the Comedy out, and that done,
 When the play's at an end, let the curtain fall down.”

Here is another rap on the knuckles for co-
 quettes, which without comment I will leave
 to the (it must be confessed) fascinating little
 ladies who belong to that class.

“ Prithee confess for my sake and your own
 Am I the Man or no ?
 If I am he, thou cans't not do't too soon,
 If not, thou cans't not be too slow ;
 If Woman cannot love, Man's folly's great
 Your sex with so much zeal to treat ;

But, if we freely proffer to pursue
 Our tender thoughts and spotless love
 Which nothing shall remove,
 And you despise all this, *pray what are you ?*"

There is some cleverness shown in the lines to
 a Professor of Music.

"For poets can but *say*, Thou maks't them *Sing*
 And th' Embryo words dost to perfection bring.

* * * * *

Our naked lines drest and adorned by thee
 Assume a beauty, pomp, and bravery ;
 So awful and majestick they appear
 They need not blush to reach a Prince's ear ;
 Princes tho' to poor poets seldom kind,
 Their numbers turned to air, with pleasure mind,
 Studied, and laboured tho' our poems be,
 Alas ! they die, unheeded, without thee.

* * * * *

Thy dextrous Notes with all our Thoughts comply,
 Can creep on Earth, can up to heaven fly ;
 In Heights, and Cadences, so sweet, so strong,
 They suit a Shepherd's reed—and Angel's tongue.

Here is a pretty little bit on a lady in a
 bath.

ON MRS. E. MONTAGUE'S

BLUSHING IN THE BATH.

"Amidst the Nymphs (the glory of the flood)
 Thus once the beauteous Ægle stood,

So sweet a tincture, ere the Sun appears,
The bashful ruddy morning wears ;
Thus thro' a Crystal wave the Coral glows
And such a Blush sits on the Virgin Rose."

With which "Virgin Rose," gentle reader,
I will, 'an it please you, complete my nosegay,
in the hope that you are not altogether dis-
pleased with the flowers that blush unseen.

GATHERINGS FROM GRAVE STONES.

THERE is a great sameness observable in our modern epitaphs. They almost invariably commence with recording the name, profession, and age of the person deceased, and then proceed to enumerate his manifold virtues—virtues, of which, generally speaking, the world was in happy ignorance as long as he was alive. But in former days they abounded in a great variety. A perusal of them in any old country churchyard will still afford food for the contemplative, and will give them cause for joy or sorrow according as their humour is to “laugh or weep over the follies of mankind.” It would be impossible in the limits of one paper to give very copious extracts from these eccentric compositions. I have therefore thought it best, from a number

which I have in my possession, to make a selection of the choicest and the rarest. Even among these there will, doubtless, be found some with which my readers are already acquainted, in which case I must ask them to take their repetition in good part, and believe that I have not thus offended intentionally.

Very frequently the ancient epitaph took the form of a pun. Here is a pun philosophic, which I would commend to the notice of Professor Pepper—

On Mr. AIRE (St. Giles's, Cripplegate)—

“Methinks it was a wondrous death,
That Aire should die for want of breath.”

Here is something more elaborate discovered in a Cornish Churchyard—

On MARIA ARUNDEL (the letters of whose name form the anagram “a dry laurel”)—

“Man to the marigold compared may be,
Man may be likened to the laurel tree;
Both feed the eye, both please the optic sense,
Both soon decay, both suddenly fleet hence;
What then infer you from her name but this—
Man fades away, man a dry laurel is?”

We have heard of Sermons in Stones, but it is not often that one comes across such poignant satires on a tombstone as the following—

“My grandfather was buried here,
 My cousin Jane, and two uncles dear ;
 My father perished from a mortification in his thighs,
 My sister dropt down dead in the Minories ;
 But the reason I'm interred here, according to my thinking,
 Is owing to my good living and hard drinking ;
 If, therefore, good Christians, you wish to live long,
 Beware of drinking brandy, gin, or anything strong.”

The next, translated from the Latin inscription over SAMUEL RUTTER, Bishop of Sodor and Man, is, I opine, well known to many of my readers—

In this house
 Which I have borrowed from
 My brethren, the worms,
 Lie I,
 SAMUEL, by Divine permission,
 Bishop of this Island.

Stop, reader,
 Behold, and smile at
 The Palace of a Bishop !”

One would imagine Mr. and Mrs. PRITCHARD

to have been the happiest couple alive, from reading the first four lines inscribed to their memory—

“ Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife,
Their surname was Pritchard,
They lived without strife.

But the sting of the satire is yet to come—

“ The reason was plain,
They abounded in riches,
They had no care or pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.”

Those good-natured but weak-minded gentlemen who (figuratively) permit their wives to don the—the inexpressibles—have ever been the objects of my sincerest compassion. As a pleasing contrast to the character of Mrs. Pritchard, let us look at that of the excellent Mrs. Marshall as depicted on her tombstone at Olney—

“ She was ——
But words are wanting to say what,
Think what a wife should be,
And she was that ! ”

Or of Mrs. Moody, who had an additional commendation—

“ Here lies Betty Moody,
And she was —— what !
Think what a wife—AND MOTHER—should be,
And she was that !”

It is wonderful what a regard some people pay to their dress. In circles where riches or rank fail in making the slightest impression, a well-dressed man will carry all before him. And yet one would have thought that when we were dead such foolish distinctions would be forgotten—one would have supposed that it would not matter *then* whether we once dressed in the fashion or out of the fashion, *then*, when we are robed in that last white dress which all must wear—whose fashion never changes. Not so, however, the churchyard poet of Matheme, near Chepstowe. Thus of Mr. John Lee, defunct, he writeth—

“ John Lee is dead, that good old man,
We ne’er shall see him more,
He used to wear a long brown coat,
All buttoned up before.”

The poet evidently considered that a man’s virtues are to be cut according to his cloth.

Brevity is the soul of wit, wrote William Shakespeare, but the bard of the burial-ground at Ulverstone seems to have regarded it as the soul of pathos too, if we may judge by the following :—

“ Here lies my wife,
Here lies she,
Hallelujah !
Hallelujee !! ”

The writer of an epitaph at Littleham, in Devonshire, seems to have had the wish to treat his subject in a more becoming manner, and to have lacked the power of putting this wish into execution. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that, rude as is the attempt, it is very far above the average.

“ Farewell, sweet babe, short was thy stay,
Thou turn’st about and goest thy way,
When th’ angels thy face did see
They set up a shout, and welcomed thee.”

De mortuis nil nisi bonum, and here is a pompous eulogium on a flower which bloomed and withered in the garden of England.

On DAME SELBY, in Igtham Church, Kent.

“In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hannah,
In zeal a Ruth, in wedlock a Susannah,
Prudently wise, and providently wary,
For earth a Martha, and for Heaven a Mary.”

From this egregious bit of puffery it is a relief to turn to a quainter and more unassuming inscription to be found in the neighbouring county of Hertford. I am sorry that I am not able to give the name of the worthy in whose honour it was written.

“The King Immortal gave the sudden stroke,
He heav'd a sigh, and a blood-vessel broke ;
He was an honest and an upright man ;
Boast more, ye great ones, if ye can.”

The following, from the pretty village of Kenton, in Devonshire, is suggestive enough :

Christ our Saviour knew what *inn* was best
To ease our *pain*, and take our *souls* to rest.

It would seem to have been composed in honour of the landlord of a hostel. Acting upon this supposition, there are those who maintain that pain is to be understood in its French signification, and read souls as if they

were spelt soles. But this suggestion seems to me to be too outrageous to admit of belief.

I shall conclude my extracts with some that are really written with much better taste than any of the foregoing. This on a fox-hunter, one Thomas Johnson, buried at Singleton, in Essex, is very ingenious :

Here Johnson lies. What hunter can deny
Old honest Tom the tribute of a sigh !
Deaf is that ear that caught the opening sound,
Dumb is that tongue that cheered the hills around.
Unpleasing truth ! Death hunts us from our birth
In view—and men, like foxes, take to earth.

Do you remember that famous epitaph which the great American philosopher, Franklin, composed upon himself? It will bear being repeated :

The body of
B. Franklin
Printer
Like the cover of an old book
Its contents torn out
And stripped of its lettering and gilding
Lies here, food for worms.
But the work shall not be wholly lost
For it will (as he believed) appear once more
In a new and more perfect edition
Corrected and amended
By the Author.

This, from Lidford, on a watchmaker, is couched in a similar spirit :

“Here lies, in a horizontal position, the outside case of a watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession. Integrity was the mainspring, and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous, and liberal, his hands never stopped till he had relieved distress. So nicely regulated were all his motions, that he never went wrong unless when he was set a-going by people who did not know his key. Even then, he was easily set to rights again. He had the art of disposing his time so well, that his hours glided away in one continual round of pleasure and delight, till an unlucky minute put a period to his existence. He departed this life, A.D. 1802, wound up in hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker, and of being thoroughly cleansed, repaired, and set a going in the world to come.”

I have already quoted three from the smiling land of Devon—a county in which,

for divers reasons, I happen to be rather interested. But there is one at St. Thomas' church, Exeter, which I have reserved for the last, not only because it is the best, but because it contains a shorter and a better sermon than I have ever yet had the good fortune to hear delivered from the pulpit:

Our life is but a winter's day—
Some only breakfast—then away ;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed—
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed.
Long is his bill who lingers out the day !
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

There, dear brethren, what better homily would you wish than that? Let us take it to heart while there is still time, so that when our day of reckoning comes we at least may “not be found wanting.”

AWAKE ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

A MERRY Christmas to you! Bad luck to the churl who would not wish thee that! Unhappy the wretch for whom the wish is uttered in vain. For a jovial, jocund time is this. A time when the butcher's stalls are laden with fat and juicy meat, and are crowded with fatter men, who regard it with as critical an eye as a *Times* reviewer the Royal Academy pictures. When the grocer's shops are filled with citrons, and raisins, and figs,

Sugar and spice,
And all that's nice,

the shadowy emblems of substantial plum-puddings, and luscious mince-pies. When illuminated gift-books blazon forth from the bookseller's windows. When children's

story-books appear in smarter guise, and in newer editions. When Baron Munchausen, or Sinbad the Sailor, go through stranger and more surprising adventures than ever. When poets tune their lyres to blither measures. When Mr. Punch cracks his raciest jokes, and Mr. Leech portrays his prettiest girls. When Mr. Dickens gives us for a few pence a very treasure-house of sweet and touching stories. When bunches of holly and sprigs of mistle-toe are in as great request as Covent Garden bouquets at a royal levee, when bills begin to pour in on unlucky householders, and when other and more agreeable bills announce that the pantomimes are doing a roaring trade at the theatres, that Mr. Phelps is for a time completely nonplussed by Harry Boleno, and that fair Juliet has to succumb to the greater charms of "Little Red Riding Hood"—a time, in fact, when every one is cheerful at himself, and is striving his utmost according to his lights to cheer the hearts of his fellow-creatures. A kindly, genial time!

A time when discords and jealousy are forgotten, when strifes and quarrels are hushed—when friends who have parted in anger meet again in love—when faithful hearts renew vows of constancy made years and years ago, and kept, through evil report and good report, unbroken through them all—when penitents are forgiven—when enemies are reconciled—when the sick forget their pains, and mourners their sorrows—when kindly feelings are aroused and generous emotions are awakened—when the poor are made glad by the bounty of the rich, and the wealthy rejoice in their powers of doing good—when human nature seems better, nobler, purer, than it ever does at any other season throughout the year.

Oh! how should Christmas not be merry? Perchance you have lost one who was very near and dear to you—one who was your all in all—one who shared your every sorrow—one to whom you looked for sympathy in all your troubles—from whom you sought coun-

sel in all your difficulties. And he is gone—
 snatched from you by the hand of the great
 destroyer. What then? Have you not his
 memory left, and is it not some consolation—
 some soothing balm to your poor bleeding
 heart to reflect though he himself is lost to
 you—this sweet remembrance will never die,
 but will be with you always, sustaining and
 comforting you through all the trials of your
 after life? Oh! is not this a happy thought
 —is it not a holy thought. How much
 better this than if you had been cold and
 indifferent? How much better this than if
 you had never loved him half as much?

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
 I feel it when I sorrow most,
 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
 Than never to have loved at all.

And then, if you have suffered, have you not
 rejoiced? If you have had afflictions, have
 you not also had blessings? And, if so, does
 it not behove you to be humbly grateful to
 Him who gave them? I have had my sor-
 rows, God knows, and yet Christmas has ever

come to me fraught with the happiest associations. Lying awake this cold Christmas morning—with the Waits playing their simple strains under my window—the scenes of past Christmasses come vividly before me. I am a child over whose head scarce seven winters have passed. I am arrayed in a smart plaid frock, cut low at the shoulders, frilled drawers, and I wear a toy drum suspended to my neck. Before me stand the household generally—from the head thereof down to the newest domestic—each and all being armed with a musical instrument. No. 1 has a penny trumpet, perhaps ; Nos. 2 and 3, flutes ; No. 4 a fiddle, which, although pounds of resin are expended in its service, never will get into tune ; and the rest a miscellaneous assortment of “bones” and castanets. At a given signal from myself they all strike up to whatever tune may come into their heads, and to this discordant music march around me. After they have repeated this interesting ceremony three or four times, I cease playing,

and it then becomes the duty of the hours of the band to place themselves under the mistletoe and there receive from their august Sultan the honour of a kiss. It was a simple pleasure I admit, and perhaps it was hardly worth recording. But, *Dulce est desipere* ; oh ! my critic, it is good to be childish sometimes, and I plead Christmas-day as my excuse.

The scene changes, and I am a boy elated with the dignity of round jackets and cloth unmentionables. Christmas must be spent in a grander way now. Juvenile parties are the order of the day. Oh ! those juvenile parties ! How anxiously were they expected ! Into what a fever of anticipation was I plunged for days, weeks, months beforehand. And then, if bright in imagination, how gorgeous was the reality ? How dazzling the lights in the great hall, how ambrosial the weak tea served up on our arrival, how godlike the weaker negus, imbibed on our departure—how ethereal the little goddesses to whom I

made frantic love, and to whom, to my shame be it said, I broke my plighted troth over and over again. Then during the evening there was the magic lanthorn with its marvellous slides depicting the Tower of Pisa, St. Peters at Rome, the Bridge of Sighs by moonlight, the Sphynx, the Pyramids, the eruption of Vesuvius, and the Falls of Niagara in rapid and alternate succession. The resemblance to the originals in each case was not at all striking; but in those days we thought it was—and that, as they say, is “half the battle.” Then there was the snap-dragon—in which we of the rougher sex had an opportunity of displaying our bravery, and of putting Mr. John Dryden’s adage—

None but the brave
Deserve the fair,

to something like a test. For a cruel rapacious beast is this same dragon—a raging, fiery, beast—and occasionally the fingers of the little St. Georges will get terribly scorched in the encounter.

Then come the games—blind man's buff or, hunt the slipper—or post—in which the mail, in the persons of the players, went with astonishing speed to all sorts of impossible places—being among the favorites. But above all these was “Drop the handkerchief.” This diverting game consists in a ring being formed of all the players except one. The omitted young lady or gentleman (it is immaterial which) makes the circuit of the ring—bearing a handkerchief, and at the same time repeating this choice effusion—

I sent a letter to my love,
And by the way I dropt it ;
I dropt it. I dropt it.

And as the last words are uttered she drops the handkerchief at the heels of a member of the opposite sex, and endeavours to regain her place before her “love” can overtake her. If she succeeds well and good, if not, he is privileged if he can manage it, to kiss her. I was always a great hand (and I say it with becoming modesty) at securing these

favours from the fair sex. I call to mind a terrible encounter which I once had with a confirmed little coquette. I had caught her fairly and honestly before she reached her destination, and I was fully entitled to claim my reward. Like a practised little flirt as she was

Who can't say "No,"
And won't say "Yes" and keeps you on and offing.

she was determined not to give in without a struggle. And a hard struggle it was, I can assure you. She had got her hands clasped across her rosy cheeks so that there was no more possibility of getting at them than at the apples of the Hesperides. But all things must have an end, and at last fearing perhaps that she had concealed her beauties too long, and knowing that I was firmly resolved on asserting my rights, she (literally) laid down her arms and surrendered herself into mine. And then with a gallantry which conquerors would do well to imitate—I sealed my victory in—a sounding kiss, amid the applause of the assembled multitude. Ah, well!

Eheu fugaces, posthume, posthume,
Labuntur anni.

There were high jinks in those days I warrant you—I was a lively, active little urchin then—And now ?

Well, I am not averse to Christmas parties even now. Charles Dickens—whose honoured name the mention of Christmas will ever recall—has a stern rebuke for a young man just home from the university—who had grown so uncommonly fast that he had outgrown Christmas. I also am but a young man ; it is not so very long since I was myself in the bosom (and clutches) of a certain Alma Mater, and yet I can feel for Mr. Horace De Lisle nothing but the most unmitigated scorn and contempt. To my mind there is nothing so hearty and enjoyable as your honest Christmas gathering. The party that I mean takes place in a large room richly bedecked with holly and with evergreens, with a bright fire blazing merrily on the hearth, and diffusing its genial warmth throughout the house,

and yet not making it half as warm as the hearts of the host and hostess. The guests are not asked to such a party, because they are rich or titled—because they “visit in the county” and “will give a tone to the proceedings,” as the phrase goes, and which simply means that they will be too proud to take notice of any one else and too disagreeable to be taken notice of themselves—they are invited because they are good-natured and benevolent, and will contribute each in his degree to the general hilarity of the evening. If they will do that, no matter what their age, sex, dignities, or profession, they will be certain to receive a cordial greeting. My old friend, the amusing man, is here you may be sure among the first arrivals. After him—a jovial lawyer or two, jaded and worn with eternally arguing that the prisoner at the bar is the greatest scoundrel on the face of the earth, or, *vice versa*, is next door to an angel—a doctor prepared to swallow ever so much delicious indigestions in direct defiance

of his own "advice" — a gallant soldier bronzed by the heat of a tropical sun—an honest true-hearted clergyman who does more for the furtherance of real Christianity by his earnest practical life than by all the sermons that he ever preached—and many others who, as the newspapers say of the belles at a ball, it would be invidious to particularize.

At such a party "charms" and "incantations" are occasionally introduced. Any young lady who wishes to know the initial letter of her intended's name may acquire that information by throwing the peel of an apple over her left shoulder. The result is invariably no letter at all, but a sort of Egyptian hieroglyphic, but this of course, being so much the more mysterious, makes the efficacy of the charm indubitably certain. After this we assemble round the table for a game of "consequences." The "consequences" involved in this game are sometimes novel, not to say startling. At the end of the first "round" it becomes revealed that Simperton

Blush—that is the meek-eyed young man in green spectacles and pepper-and-salt inexpressibles—met Fanny Flirt—the bright-eyed little rogue in crinoline—on the back-stair-case, at an evening party, last Christmas—that the lady said to the gentleman, “Will you kiss me?” and that the gentleman rejoined, “I will,” and that the consequence was that they became engaged forthwith. And though poor Simperton enters a protest and solemnly disclaims all knowledge of the transaction, all the rest (who are of course in the plot) avow that it is useless for him to deny it, he looks so terribly guilty!!

Consequences are followed up by a dance. Generally a country dance—Sir Roger de Coverly, for instance. Who does not know that rare old dance? Who does not remember Dickens’ admirable description thereof? “Twenty couple at a time—hands half round and back again the other way—down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping—old

top couple always turning up in the wrong places—new top couple starting as soon as they get there—all top couples at last—and not a bottom one to help them!!” I am not much of a dancer myself. Those young ladies who value a man for his legs rather than for his head have long ago set me down at no price at all. But, according to Mr. Sala, no man is a dancer. He may take lessons of Leonora Geary, or of Mrs. Henderson, or of Terpsichore herself—if he only knows her address; but he will never be more than a “capering elephant, or an ambling hippopotamus.” However this may be I know not—I shall leave my friend Charlie Footit, who, I am told, is a very Vestris on the “light fantastic,” to refute the charge as best he may. For my own part I should wish it to be understood that it is your solemn, stately dances, your formal minuets, your prim quadrilles—in which you saunter through the steps like mourners following a hearse—

to which I am opposed—to which I cry, parce, parce—I pray thee have me excused. Give me such dances as honest old “Sir Roger,” and you will find, young women, that I can figure it away with the best of you.

Plenty of flirtation goes on now, depend upon it! Look at that young couple—he of the Dundreary whiskers, and she of the golden curls. Captain Smart and Miss Hoppleton—as I live! They have been dancing together six times consecutively in direct defiance of mamma Hoppleton’s injunctions and the laws of etiquette. “Shocking!” groans the prude, turning up the whites of her eyes. “Clearly a match,” cries the gossip, and immediately informs the whole room (in confidence) when it is to come off!

At supper the amusing man shines forth to considerable advantage. What with taking wine with the host and complimenting the hostess, and chaffing the young men, and frightening the young ladies with crackers,

and cracking jokes innumerable, he has hardly a moment to himself. He finds time enough, however, to do ample justice to the viands before him, to quaff bumpers of wine, and even to say "a few words" on a toast which he has the honour to propose. The toast is one which he feels the greatest pleasure in proposing, and which he is sure that every gentleman present who has a heart (here the young gentlemen apply their right hands to their left sides to make sure that the article alluded to is quite safe) will have an equal pleasure in drinking. He could have wished that the toast had fallen into abler hands than his—(cries of no, no)—he cannot but feel how incompetent he is to do it the justice it deserves (reiterated cries of no, no). It is not for him to paint the rose—it is not for him to gild gold—it is not for him to expatiate on the elegances, the accomplishments and the virtues of by far the better half of Creation (loud applause.) He will let them speak for themselves. What he should

like to know would the world be without woman? A barren desert. What would man be, bereft of the society of women? A frumpy old bachelor! (cheers and laughter). Is it not woman who should tend him in his sickness, is it not woman who should share with him his comforts, is it not woman who should make him his tea? (great applause). In the words of a poet who knew *More* about the fair sex than almost any other—he would say:—

Oh, woman, whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue
Whether sunned at the tropics, or chilled at the pole
If woman be there—there is happiness too!!

He begs them to drain a bumper to “the Ladies,” and a merry Christmas to them this year and many of them for the future!!

This toast is received with prolonged acclamation. Somebody gets up to return thanks—other speeches are made, and shortly afterwards the guests disperse.

And is all this merriment wrong? There

are persons who will tell you so—there are persons who will tell you that it is sinful to be gay when others are so wretched, that it is heartless to laugh when there are so many who must weep. Hark ! to the bells pealing forth their joyous strains. Do they say so ? Do they forbid us to rejoice ? Do they not rather tell us of hope rekindled, and charity revived, and truth triumphant, of purer thoughts and of holier aspirations, of a brighter, happier day dawning, dawning surely on the poor and afflicted of God's own people. Ring out then, old bells, ring out your glad-some melody, and tell your glorious tale throughout the world.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

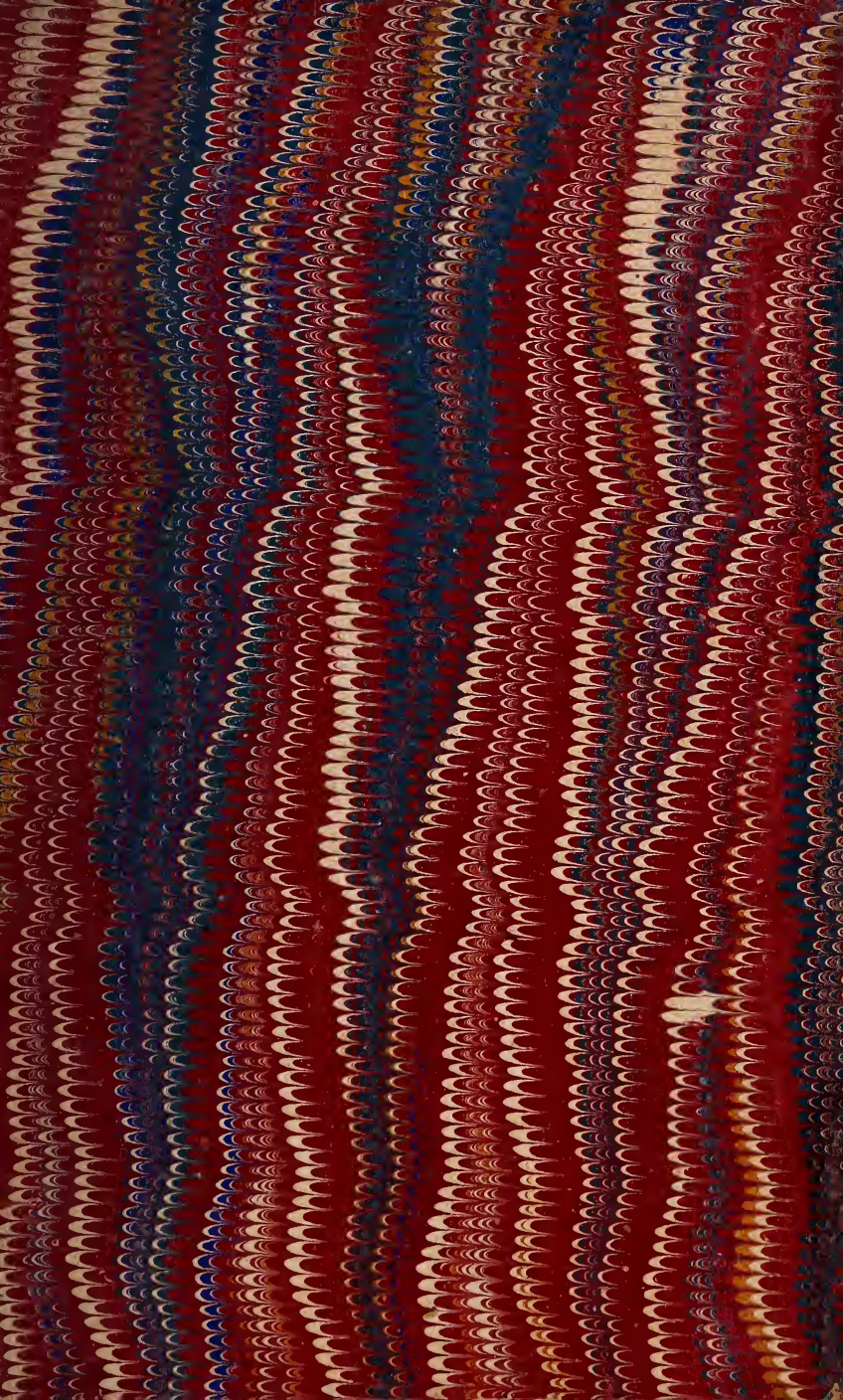
Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant men and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be !

THE END.







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